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SEPTEMBER 1980, \$2.00

Atlantic Insight

Donald Sutherland:
Superstar with
down-east roots

In Newfoundland:
Cassie Brown,
queen of
shipwreck stories

In New Brunswick:
Who stalled the
natural gas
pipeline?



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Atlantic Insight

September 1980, Vol. 2 No. 8



42

Cover Story: Movie star Donald Sutherland was born in Saint John, grew up in Nova Scotia, worked as a teen-age disc jockey in Bridgewater. Sutherland remembers his roots, and recently dropped in on Halifax. Here, Martin Knelman profiles this most unusual star

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK CUSANO



54

Food: Two university professors create a hit restaurant in St. John's, you say? Certainly. They're "technique cooks" and the technique works so well they don't even have to advertise



45

Small Towns: Ships once sailed round the world from Weymouth, N.S. There have been hard times since—but successes too. And nowhere have the names in history books survived with greater tenacity to modern times



56

Literature: Newfoundland's Cassie Brown became world famous writing stories of marine disasters in the perilous waters off her native province. Macabre? Not a bit. For her, they're healing waters, too



50

Travel: Want to discover the real Portugal? Forget the famous names. Go north, to the centre of the country's ancient history. Harry Bruce did—and tells about it



58

Art: Neil Chodorow came to Prince Edward Island from New York, built his own house, paints abstract paintings. He thinks nobody here understands them but, after his last successful show, at least they're beginning to take notice

3 Editor's Letter: An ethnic joke is an ethnic joke—whether it's about Poles or Newfoundlanders

9 The Region: In Atlantic Canada, farming is no longer "the pits." It's almost a glamor industry

17 Nova Scotia: Why drug smugglers simply love Canada's ocean playground. It's because down south the heat's on

20 Newfoundland & Labrador: Pirate TV in Labrador will be tough to stamp out

24 New Brunswick: Saint John thinks Irving owes it a \$2.3-million water bill. For years now, the city's been trying to collect

28 Prince Edward Island: The Ark ain't what she used to be, but she's still interesting and she's quietly plugging ahead

33 Ottawa Diary: How John Crosbie rode wisecracks to national fame. He saves his fellow MPs from dying of boredom

36 Politics: Here's a painless tipsheet on the constitutional argy-bargy. It's all you need to talk intelligently

38 Sports: In N.B., trained boxer wipes floor with bar-room brawlers. Was the fight fair?

60 Marilyn MacDonald: Thoughts on the conspicuous life of a TV critic

61 Opinion: Alden Nowlan denounces those deadly police car chases

64 Fiction: In "Homecoming," by Veronica Ross, a prodigal son returns

81 Energy: The pipeline sounded good, but not to N.B. It had Lepreau to worry about. Irving, too

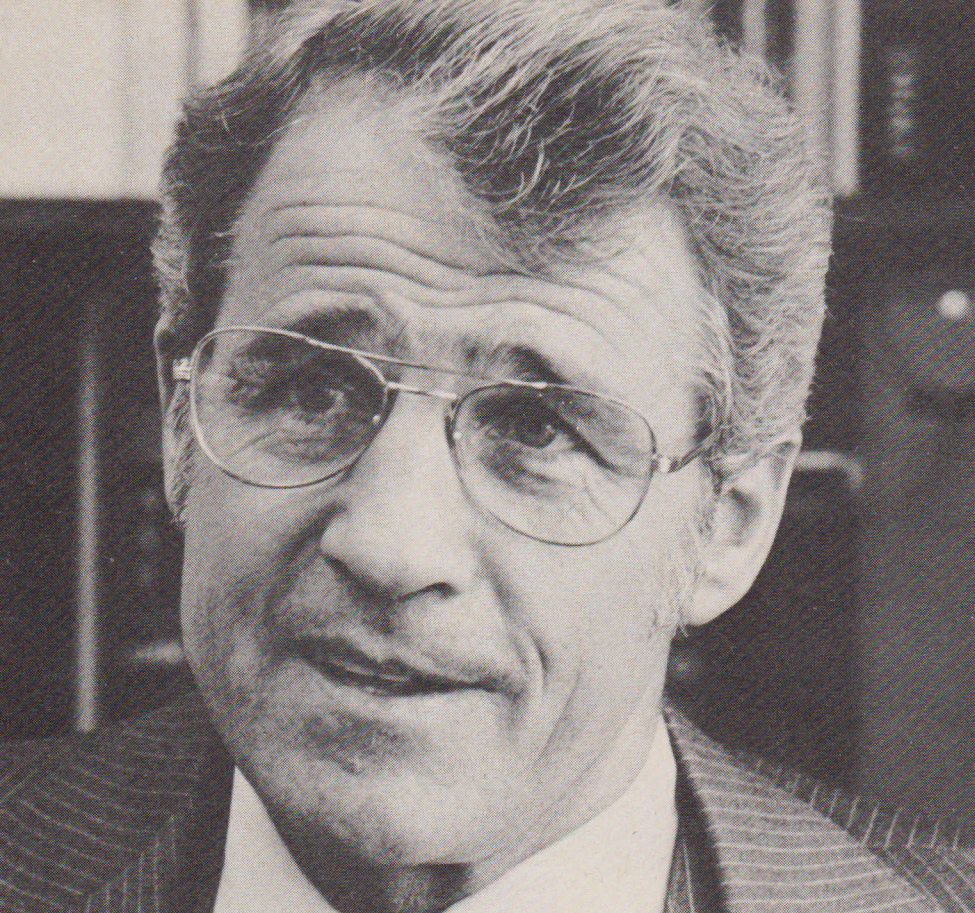
83 Dalton Camp: How media labels affect political futures. Would you vote for an ex-dentist? An ex-undertaker? An ex-movie star?

86 Movies: *The Tin Drum* is a sprawling epic without much finishing power

88 Film: Trials of a big-time producer at Petty Harbour, Nfld. Did Farley Mowat put a curse on him?

90 Books: Alden Nowlan on fine new fiction by Veronica Ross

96 Ray Guy: So you think you want to be a magazine writer? Read Guy, and think again



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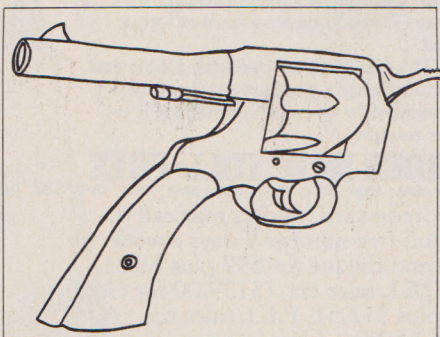
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Editor's Letter

Did you hear the one about the sociologist?

In Portugal (*Here's the Real Portugal*, page 50), I heard Brazil jokes. They spun round the idea that Brazilians were all rubes, slobs, boors and bumpkins, and gave a smug feeling to the supposedly supersophisticated Portuguese who told them. Brazil jokes, in short, are variations of Newfie jokes, and I hope the Brazilians react to them with the glorious insouciance of Newfoundlanders. Newfoundlanders not only tell delicious mainlander jokes, they also get revenge by publishing vile collections of home-grown Newfie jokes and peddling them to SFAs (Suckers-From-Away). If you shell out good money for one of those books, buddy, the joke is not on Newfoundland.

Polish jokes, Bulgarian jokes, they're all the same. Robert Jarvenpa, an American professor, has written, "Most Finn jokes follow the standard design, which would apply to almost any ethnic group; seven Polacks may be needed to replace a light bulb in Milwaukee, but an equal number of Finns can perform the task in Duluth." Among anglo Canadians there's never been a shortage of Frog jokes about French-Canadians but Jarvenpa found a man of French-Canadian descent who got his jollies by ridiculing American Finns. The fellow ran a fishing camp on the border-waters between Minnesota and Ontario, and an example of his wit is the "Smithala and Wessinen One-Shot Finnish Revolver":



Just in case we're as dense as one of the seven light-bulb changers, Jarvenpa explains that the cartoon suggests Finns are "stupid, incompetent, and perhaps self-destructive." This sort of humor is



probably at least as old as prostitution. The people of the Tigris doubtless told people-of-the-Euphrates jokes (and, to my insular ears, the fact that the two rivers get together in the Shatt Al Arab still sounds almost like a Middle East joke). As William Hazlitt (1778-1830) put it, "We grow tired of everything but turning others into ridicule and congratulating ourselves on their defects."

These days, academics can get awfully unfunny about what's funny. I have a learned periodical in which two sociologists speculate that the victims of some ethnic jokes actually like to hear them. The professors have a point. No one tells Newfie jokes better than drinking Newfoundlanders. But listen to the way the profs express themselves: "Such a pseudo-insult is then transformed into a disguised compliment, since the 'butt' believes the teller thinks he is a good sport capable of taking a joke. The judgment that one has been complimented by a friend apparently results in a happiness increment which, conjoined with the incongruity between the literal and the contrary intended meaning of the message, generates the mental experience of amusement." That prose is so bad it's funny. It gives me a happiness increment. Maybe it's time the world discovered sociologist jokes.

Harry Bruce



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Feedback

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Atlantic Insight has been banned at Dorchester Penitentiary due to the article *Time Bomb at Dorchester* (July) by Sue Calhoun. In 1976 Canada signed a United Nations agreement supporting the right of individuals to hold opinions without interference and their right to freedom of expression. In violation of this undertaking, Canada continues to permit blatant censorship of prisoners' reading material, mail, visits from outsiders and of prison newspapers. The banning of *Atlantic Insight* from Dorchester is in direct violation of this agreement and is an injustice against prisoners' rights. Never fear, *Atlantic Insight* has been read, probably by more inmates than ever before. A copy of your magazine mysteriously came into my possession, similar to the way in which this letter shall arrive in your possession. Thank you all, each and every one, for giving a voice on the inside a chance to speak out and to be heard.

Larry Jones #3328
Dorchester Penitentiary
Dorchester, N.B.

Let police speak up

I was outraged upon reading *In This Nice Halifax Neighborhood a Woman Was Raped* (July). My wife and I live on the same street as the victim and had heard unconfirmed reports of the occurrence. Although the lack of publicity given to this crime is disturbing, it does not trouble me as much as the apparent lack of vigor of the police in pursuing the investigation of this case. It is my belief that rape is a very serious crime and I would like to think the police department shares this view. Perhaps Chief Fry would say that I am "overly alarmed." I would say that I am just a citizen who feels that he has a right to expect better from his police department. If the police have more to say for themselves, why don't we hear from them?

Don Cherry
Halifax, N.S.

My first reaction to your article on the rape of the Halifax woman was sheer terror. I feel that when a crime has been committed in a community the people living there should know about it. The action of the Halifax police was totally out of line. Who are they to decide what the public should or should not know? I would like to know why they are not investigating this crime fully and, if they were, would we know about it?

Nancy Parsons
Sydney, N.S.



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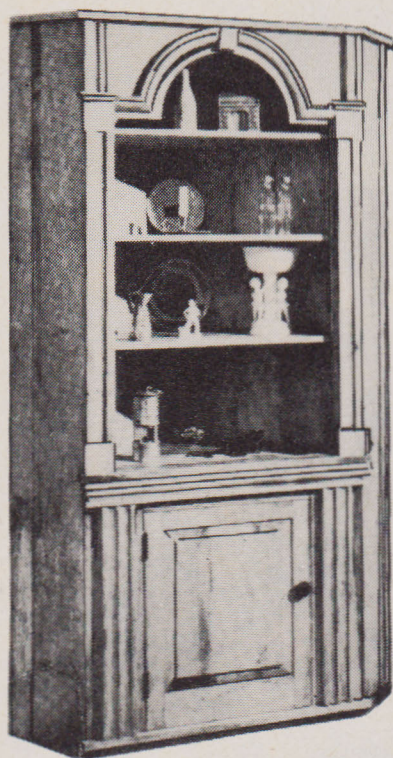
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Feedback

Dobbs discovers the Island

I am glad to know that Kildare Dobbs has finally "discovered" P.E.I. (*Oh, Island in the Sun*, June). It is too bad he had not done so before he collaborated with Peter Varley on the book, *Canada*, wherein there was a mere mention of Prince Edward Island. That book was published in 1964 which was the year that P.E.I. celebrated the centennial of the historic meeting of the Fathers of Confederation in Charlottetown when they laid plans for a Canadian nation.

M.M. Enman
Ottawa, Ont.

Cape Bretoners no ignorant lot

While I doubt that I share Mary J. MacPhee's reasons (Feedback, July), I agree with her that it was wrong of you to hire a person of a background similar to my own to write about *Cape Breton's Magazine*. With due respect for Parker Donham, I would have preferred the insights that might have been offered by someone rooted in the Atlantic region. That aside, anyone who claims that *Cape Breton's Magazine* is simply a portrait of Cape Bretoners "as hewers of wood and haulers of water, an ignorant lot left over from a bygone era" has simply not been following the publication. To allow your readers to judge for themselves, I will be happy to send a free copy of the magazine to every *Atlantic Insight* reader who will simply write to me and ask for one.

Ronald Caplan
Cape Breton's Magazine
Wreck Cove, N.S.

Different memories of the west

As an adventuring Cape Bretoner who recently spent two and one-half years in Calgary, I found *The Promised Land* (July) of particular interest. Although the saga of the easterner "going down the road" to Alberta is no doubt all too often one of disillusionment and disappointment, it seems inaccurate to paint so negative a picture. My fond memories are of the people and good times shared in the great outdoors, not to mention the opportunity for professional growth and exposure to the westerner's unique heritage and culture. Perhaps what is best remembered is learning to value Maritime roots for what they are rather than to look for a scapegoat for one's inadequacies or a stumbling block to experiencing the best of another lifestyle.

Trish MacInnis
St. John's, Nfld.

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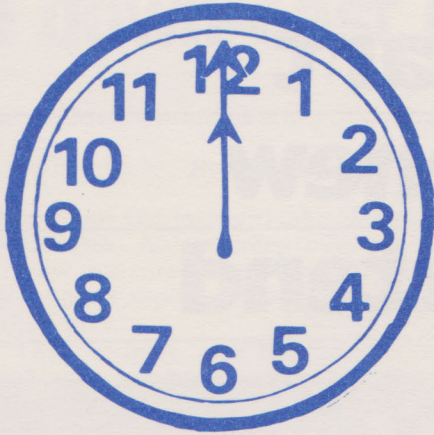
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The Region

Farming's no longer

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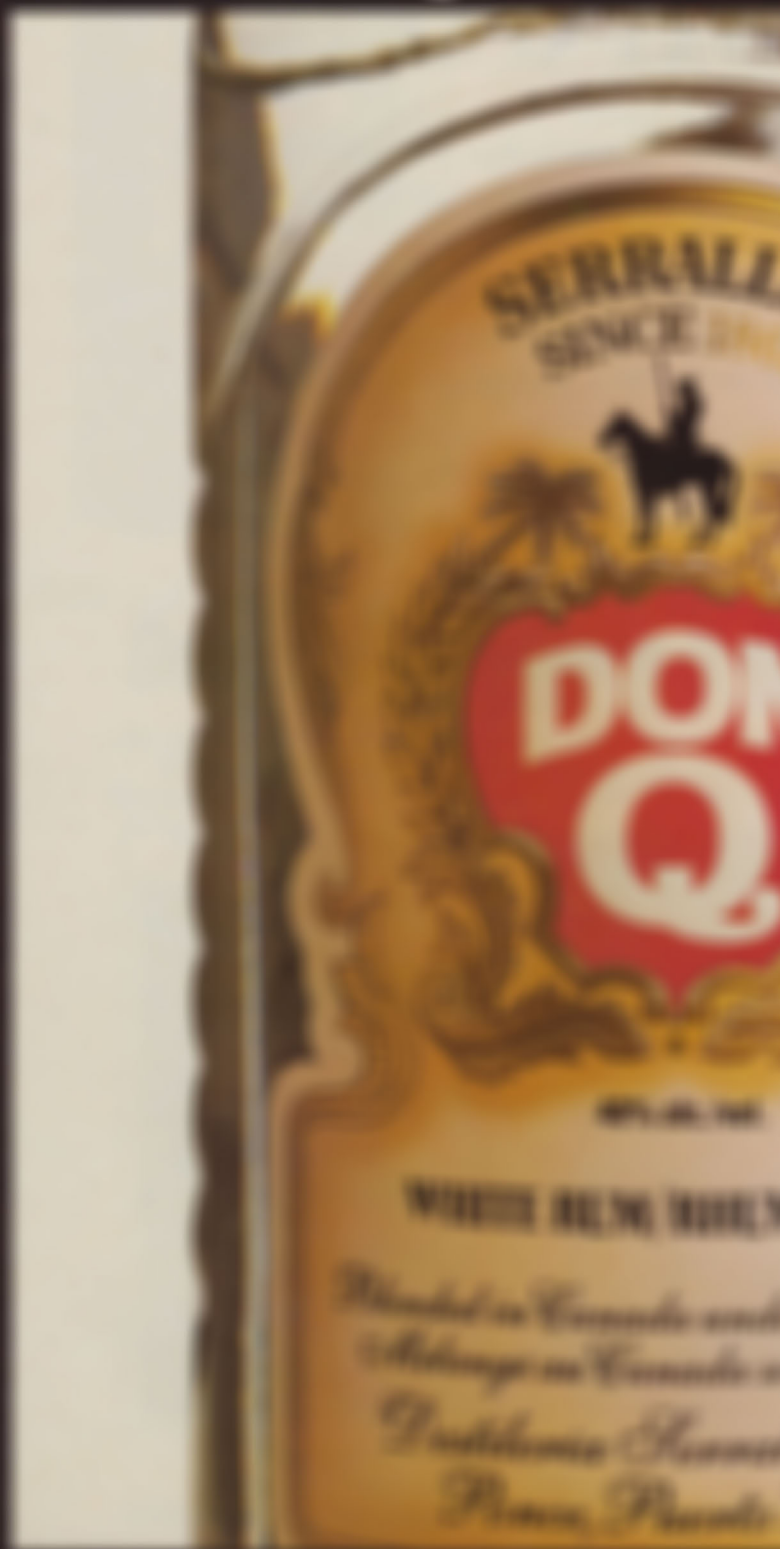
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See page 89 for details



The Region

Farming's no longer a down-east dead end

But Atlantic Canada's still got a long way to go before it's feeding itself

By Ralph Surette

Farm boy and farm girl take off for Ontario. Alders creep over the cow pasture. Barn roof sags. Government report expresses alarm, gathers dust.

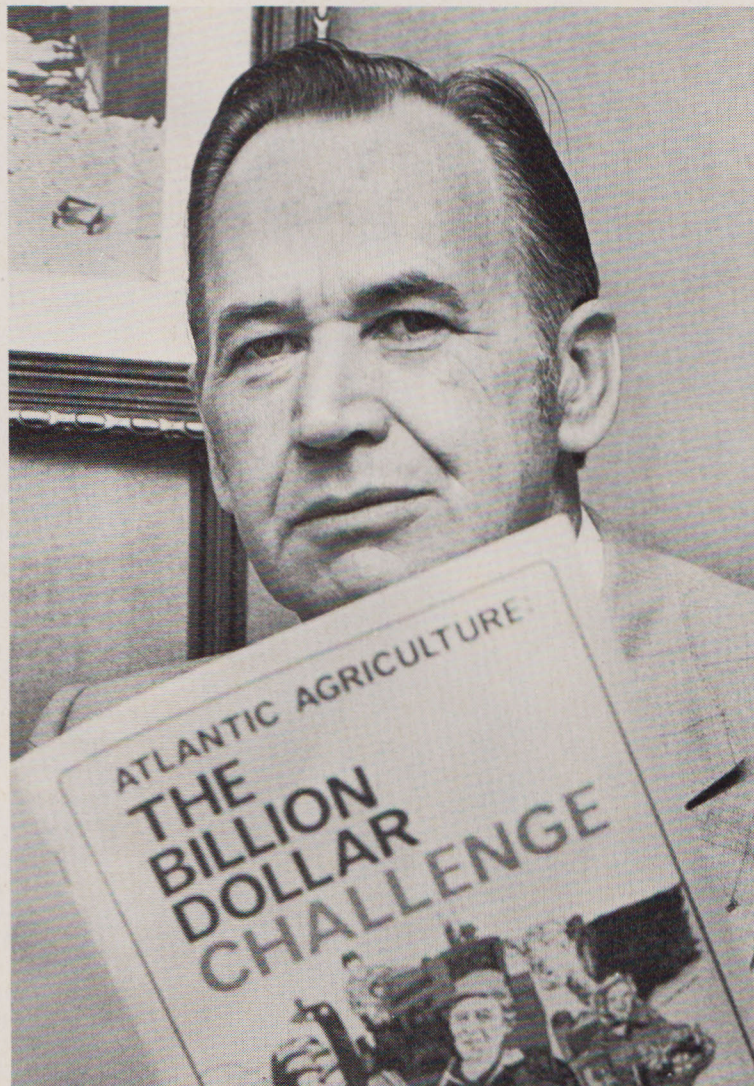
That, roughly, was the story of Maritime agriculture in the post-war period. In Newfoundland the dominating image was even more stark. Joey Smallwood on horseback driving a herd of Alberta cattle off to the barrens of the Burin Peninsula. Object: To found a cattle industry. Result: Cattle starved.

Later, however, something happened. Riots, urban decay, pollution. The gloss came off big-city life. People rushed back to the land, idealized the earth. Moreover, a food scare joined the oil scare, and the hayseed image vanished. Agriculture became important again. In 1975, the real value of agricultural production in the Atlantic provinces rose by 5%, after mouldering for 30 years. It has risen by that much or more every year since.

Sheep farming in Nova Scotia, boosted by the Cape Breton Development Corporation's airlift in '73 of superior Scottish stock, has dramatically revived. For a century the blueberry business was a rag-tag adjunct to the American industry, but it's recently found European markets and gone professional. In Nova Scotia, fruit growers have bought their own refrigerated containers and thereby brought the European market to their doorstep. In New Brunswick, the multinational McCain Foods has grown up out of the potato fields. Prince Edward Island has made

itself self-sufficient in feedgrains—the Island, incidentally, has more than twice as many acres in grain as in potatoes—and has exported barley to the Middle East. In Newfoundland, substantial hog and poultry operations have emerged, virtually out of nothing.

On a smaller scale, too, some remarkable things are happening: Mushroom farming at Quispamsis, N.B., duck processing at Salt Springs, N.S., experiments in mussel-mud fertilizer at Malpeque Bay, P.E.I. And so on.



Keith Russell: "...there's a lot to be optimistic about"

The Newfoundland government recently prepared some farm plots at Cormack, near Deer Lake and, when it called for applicants to homestead them, was swamped with inquiries from all over North America.

Keith Russell of Co-op Atlantic, Moncton, says agricultural meetings a decade ago were "just a bunch of bald heads." Now, however, "the boys have come home. They're not smarter than the old man was but they're better educated. No, not all will be successful but there's a lot to be optimistic about."

"The Billion Dollar Challenge" suggests he's right. It's a promotion program of the Maritime Farmers Council—a combination of Co-op Atlantic and the three Maritime federations of agriculture—with co-operation from the Newfoundland federation. "The Challenge" proposes tripling agricultural production in the region within 20 years, and maybe sooner.

Right now, there's a serious short-

fall between what we produce and what we consume. Atlantic Canada's farms supply only half the pork we eat, a quarter of the beef and lamb, less than half the vegetables (not counting potatoes and turnips). We need more grain and forage crops as well. The region is mostly self-sufficient in eggs, poultry and dairy products (though Newfoundland approaches self-sufficiency only in turnips), and its agricultural exports are mainly potatoes, apples, blueberries.

But the potential is vast. If we could exploit all the arable land in Atlantic Canada, agricultural production would not merely triple but would go up eightfold. For all that, however, down-east agriculture is not yet out of the alders. The chief problem is lousy marketing. Producing isn't enough. Selling counts, too. "We could probably produce as much cabbage as we eat," says Hollis Duffett of the Newfoundland federation, "but all that would mean is that everybody in St. John's would get fresh cabbage for two weeks of the year." In short, mar-

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Region

keting requires proper storage, good delivery systems and, above all, organization among the farmers.

You can't talk about lousy marketing without discussing another gloomy topic: Potatoes. In New Brunswick, attempts to create potato marketing boards go back to the Fifties. Farmers expected governments to bail them out in bad years but, generally, they distrusted both governments and regulations. They preferred the risks of the free market. It was only when the overproduction of the good years caused the low prices of the bad years that talk of marketing boards came up, and there have rarely been years as bad as this one—with prices at \$1.50 a hundredweight for most of the winter. That's less than potatoes fetched back in 1929.

Potato farmers have lost money three years running but, strangely, they've kept right on increasing their acreage. "We still can't figure that one out," Harry Fraser says. He's publisher of the authoritative *Fraser's Potato Newsletter*. "It looks like farmers decided to go for broke or go broke,

CHERYL LEAN



Corporate farming has "ominous side"

expecting that others would cut back and things would get better."

Some did go broke. The good news is that now, after years of talk, the feds, the Atlantic provinces and Quebec are finally at work on the creation of a potato marketing board for eastern Canada. Hearings on this matter are being held this month in Moncton, Charlottetown, Toronto and Montreal. A certain amount of wrangling was holding things up. Provincial quotas inevitably mean last-minute manoeuvring for advantage. There's disagreement about the board's form as well. The National Farmers Union wants a national authority like the Canadian Wheat Board, with wide powers to set quotas and sell both at home and abroad. Others want to see a federation of provincial boards, along the lines of

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The Region

the Canadian Egg Marketing Agency.

Either way, a marketing board could revolutionize the potato business. At last. "Maybe the fellas are hurting bad enough they'll finally do it," Keith Russell says. He's general secretary for both the Maritime Farmers Council and Co-op Atlantic. Other farm products have marketing boards and systems, and co-ops. There's also the remarkable "U-Pick" phenomenon by which customers pick their own fruit and vegetables, and some farmers have

direct contracts with processors and supermarkets. In general, however, selling farm products in Atlantic Canada is still so primitive that agriculture could well miss opportunities to expand both home and export markets.

Atlantic Canadian farmers also suffer from the cost-price squeeze, high interest rates and farm credit problems, but so do farmers elsewhere in North America. Our farmers have certain advantages. For one thing, land costs

only \$200 to \$250 an acre. That's roughly a quarter of the North American average. It's an even smaller fraction of land prices in Europe. Moreover, rising transportation costs, the historic east coast bane, could actually turn out to be helpful. They'll make incoming produce less competitive while sea routes, which have already given Nova Scotia fruit and blueberry growers a boost, could become more important.

In Newfoundland and Labrador, the big question is this: When the oil juggernaut comes, will the government care about farming? Right now, the government's protecting 35,000 acres for agriculture within a 20-mile radius of St. John's. That's most of the available farmland in eastern Newfoundland. Agriculture Minister Joe Goudie insists the province will resist even the fiercest pressure to develop it but Hollis Duffett of the Newfoundland Federation of Agriculture is doubtful. "The official response," he says, "is that it will be saved for evermore. In my opinion, there's no way. It will be overcome by the pressures of oil."

Newfoundland's best land is in the Codroy Valley. It parallels the Long Range Mountains in the west and ends at Port aux Basques. There are also fertile upland bogs in the west but they're expensive to clear, and both they and the Codroy Valley are almost as far from St. John's as Nova Scotia is. The problem then is competition with Maritime produce and, once again, the secret of success lies in organized marketing.

In the Maritimes, some see vertical integration as a danger. The idea of tripling farm output is all very well but Wayne Easter, an Islander who served as Maritimes co-ordinator for the NFU, asks, "Who's going to put that production there? The farmer or the corporation?" Consider McCain Foods. We all know its success story. From humble beginnings in Florenceville, N.B., it became a multinational giant with operations in a half-dozen nations. But there's an ominous side to corporate farming and, now that the Irving conglomerate is getting into agriculture, farmers are worried. (Irving interests have bought the C.M. McLean vegetable-processing company on the Island, and have cleared forest in New Brunswick with the rumored intention of going into farming.)

The ownership and indirect control of land by such giants and several smaller corporations bother the NFU. "Our position is that no company should be allowed to own more than



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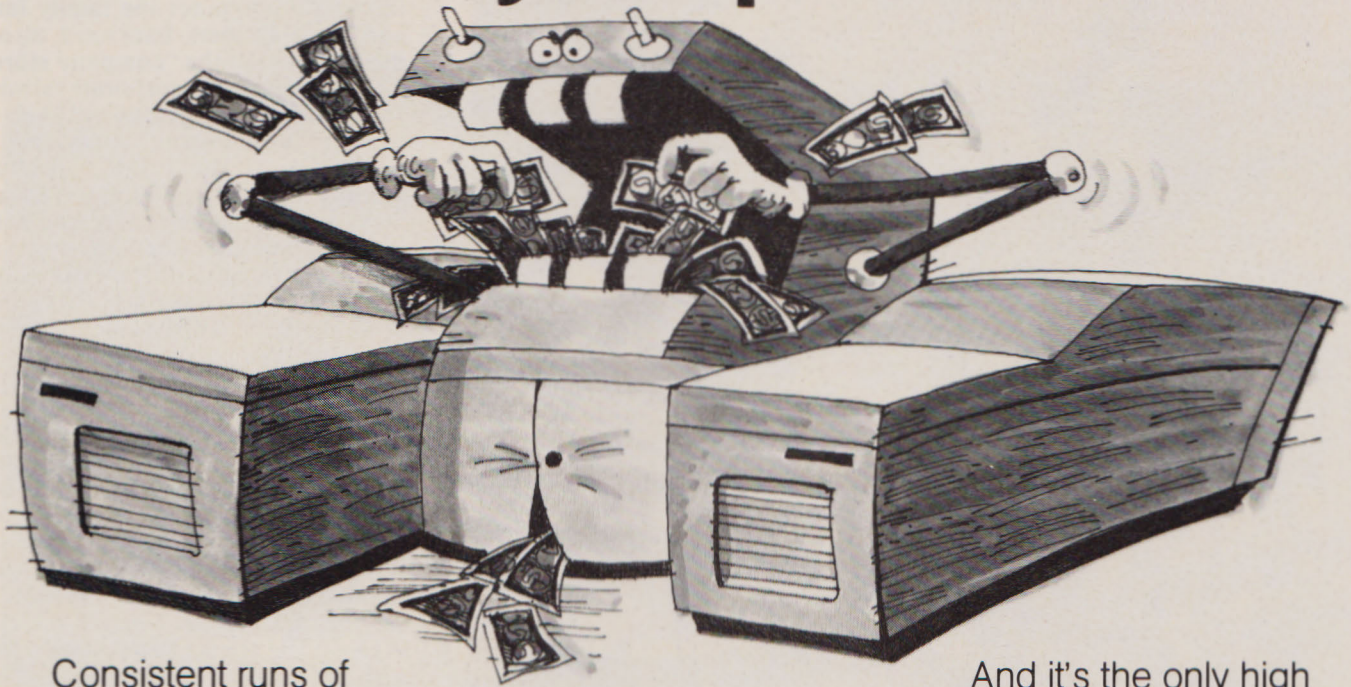
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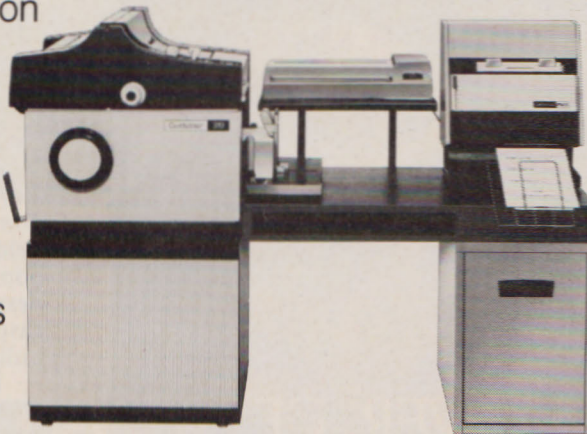
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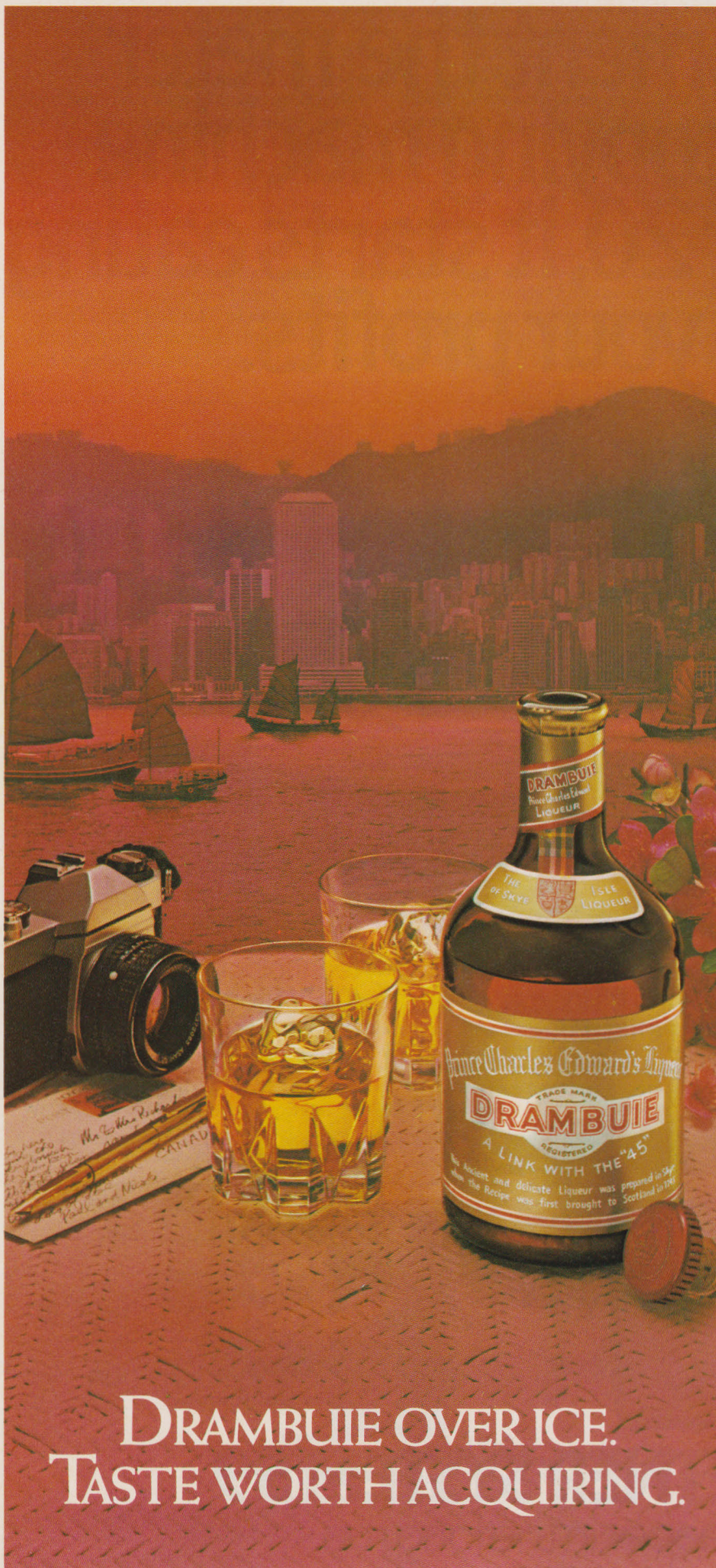
50 acres, except for test plots," Wayne Easter says. Land ownership and direct farming by corporations could give them the power to depress the prices farmers get. Those who oppose large fish companies' owning their own fleets use a similar argument. Companies can distort the price mechanism in their own favor.

Since the corporations often sell the farmer chemicals, fertilizers and equipment, they already have substantial clout in the farming community. What bothers Easter is that corporate farming undermines the family farm and leads farmers backward into a dependency on the "company store." The point at which corporate farming becomes really dangerous will likely be a matter of increasing controversy. A committee of the P.E.I. legislature recently reported no figures were available to show that corporate land holdings had become a serious problem, but Easter says this only means no one really knows how much land the corporations hold. "They [the committee] are waiting till somebody drowns before doing something."

Still, family farms persist. Though some have gone under in the last decade, others have been invigorated. The agricultural press—mostly *Farm Focus*, Yarmouth, N.S.—has gone from gloom to a more upbeat tone and a richer brew of issues. *Farm Focus's* content has ranged over the intricacies of the Canadian Egg Marketing Agency, the science of selecting a herd sire, the merits of square baling of hay vs. round baling, splitting income between husband and wife, advances in ecological agriculture, etc.

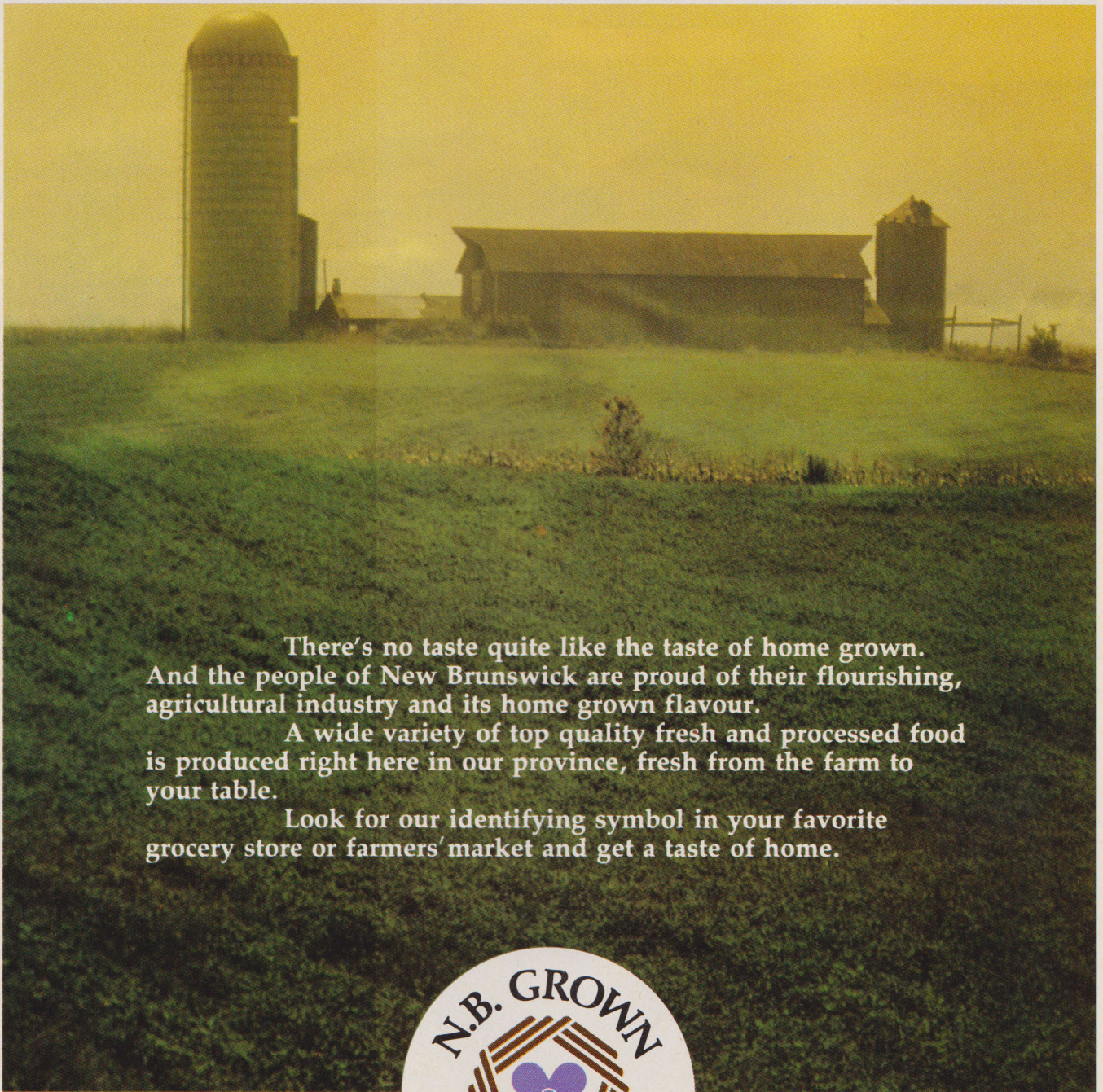
For although agriculture is "an economic sector" it is somehow more than that. There are dangers in being too rhapsodical about farm life—stress seriously afflicts many farmers—but it remains one of the rocks of civilized life. It's in the details and the endless variety of farming that it becomes interesting. It may interest you to know, for instance, that wild oats are starting to mix alarmingly with domestic varieties in Maritime oat fields, that Jersey cows are becoming popular to the point of "Jersey madness" in Nova Scotia, that there's a raspberry cane shortage and that fat bulls are less fertile than lean.

It is such diversity and renewed energy that's encouraging. "If anything happens in agriculture it will be through individual decisions by five to 10 thousand farmers," Keith Russell says. "The media, governments, federations of agriculture don't plow any land or milk any cows." 



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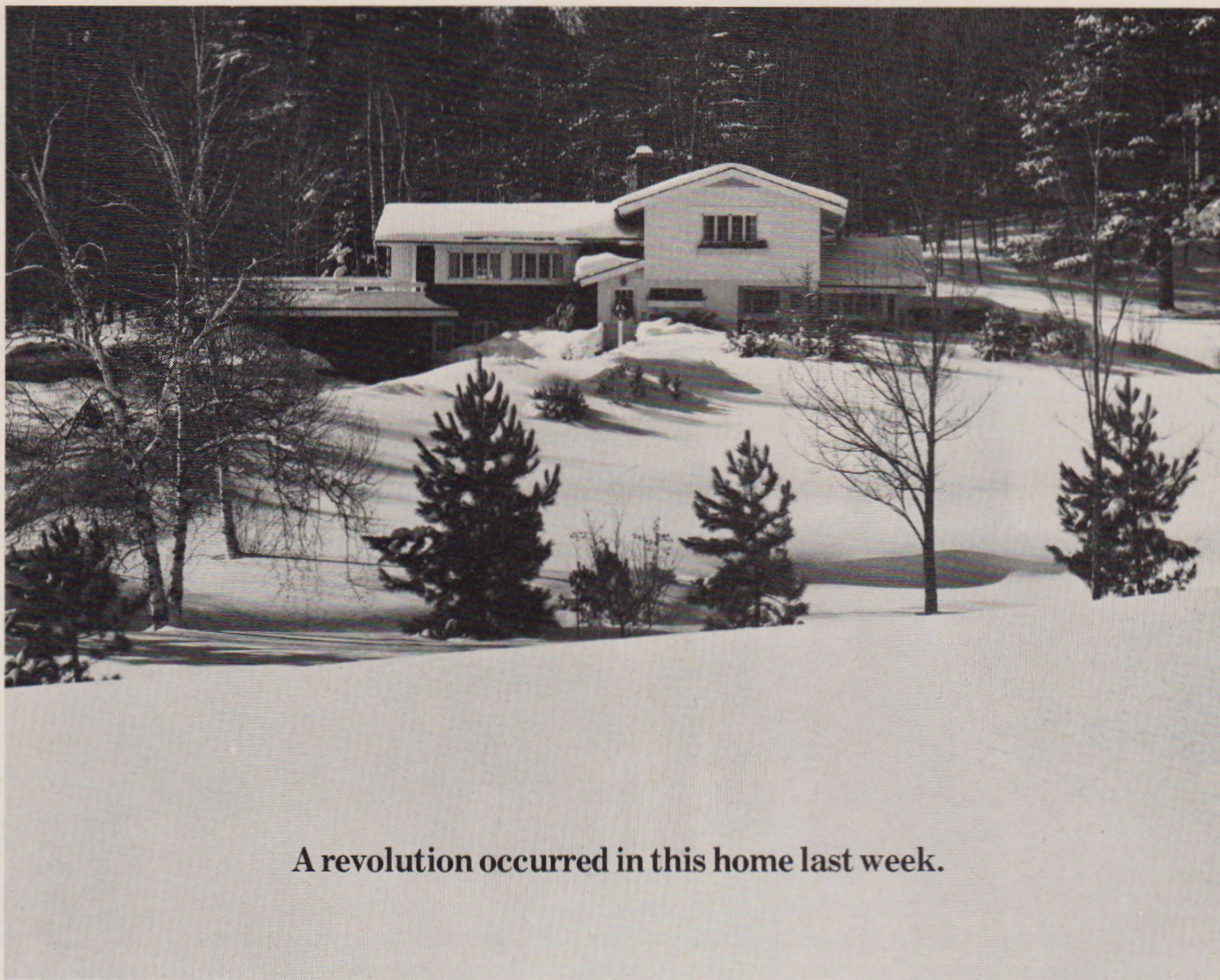
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Nova Scotia

Drug busts: Only the tip of a deadly iceberg

Odds are that somewhere, right now, Mafia-style businessmen are sealing a multimillion-dollar deal to bring another dope-laden vessel into Nova Scotian waters. Halifax RCMP hope they'll be ready for her but, if the importers have done their homework well, it's probable the police will never know about the operation. Cpl. Brent Crowhurst, Halifax drug section, believes the force intercepts only about 5% of the drug smugglers off Nova Scotia's coast.

Arriving in fishing boats or pleasure craft, the smugglers vanish among thousands of moored vessels among myriad coves. A mother ship stays a few miles off the south shore, awaits a speeding flotilla of smaller boats—and perhaps even an airplane or two—and these take the heady cargo in to the coast. From there, it goes by truck to secret storage centres in such cities as Toronto and Montreal. Then, it's divided among smaller dealers who peddle it across the country or in the States.

This is big business. The finest grass in Colombia costs \$15 to \$25 a pound, but by the time it reaches North America, it's worth \$825 a pound. Growers sell the best Moroccan hashish for \$75 to \$100 a pound, but its resale value in Canada ranges between \$2,500 and \$3,500. The stakes are high, and so is the sophistication of those who carry out big, illegal import jobs. A mother-ship importing mission needs as many as 40 persons.

For 10 years, RCMP have known about the appeal to drug smugglers of the south shore. Now, thanks to police heat in the States and the convenient geography of Nova Scotia, the shore's popularity is growing. American authorities have stepped up their coastal drug patrols, forcing Atlantic drug-runners from Africa, South America and Europe to push north. The south shore, of course, has been a smuggler's

paradise for a couple of centuries. Its jagged inlets promise privacy for the unloading of cargo. Cpl. Crowhurst expects the number of mother ships to grow, not only here but also in the coastal waters of Newfoundland and perhaps Prince Edward Island.

But smugglers' plans sometimes go awry and, when they do, RCMP intelligence clicks like handcuffs. This past summer, the Mounties seized the MV *Patricia* with 18.7 tons of Colombian marijuana aboard, plus the *Sea Tern*, with 3.1 tons of Moroccan hash. The cargo aboard the *Patricia*, a converted shrimp boat, was worth \$50 million, but no charges were laid against the crew. Instead, Canada deported them. (Since the seizure was made in Canadian customs waters—beyond the 12-mile limit—only customs law applied, not Canadian criminal law.)

But the Mounties did get their men in the case of the *Sea Tern*. She was a 56-foot ketch and, according to rumor, first built for royalty. The crew, vessel and cargo were taken near Shut-in Island, St. Margarets Bay, and the *Sea Tern* was then towed to Halifax. Cpl. Crowhurst well remembers the scene.



RCMP's Dick Hutchins, Brent Crowhurst, with dope

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Nova Scotia

As she entered the harbor between HMCS *Protecteur* and HMCS *Eskimo*, the sun was setting, lighting up a fabulous backdrop. The \$24-million cargo, one of the heaviest loads of hash ever seized in North America, had fallen into the Mounties' lap like a heavenly gift. After the *Sea Tern's* crew had cancelled a distress call, the Canadian Coast Guard had called the RCMP on a hunch.

RCMP successes, however, have not all been flukes. Cpl. Crowhurst shows off a T-shirt bearing the letters JFO for Joint Forces Operation, and says, "I can't stress enough how important the JFO has been." It has united the 14 RCMP officers of the Halifax drug section with two officers from the national crime intelligence section, and two detectives from each of the Halifax and Dartmouth police forces. They are the biggest drug-busting squad east of Montreal.

A strong link with the United States' Drug Enforcement Administration bolsters the JFO's united front and, to give the JFO mobility, the Canadian Armed Forces, Canadian Coast Guard and the federal Fisheries Department all help, too. The RCMP's marine division used to have a fair-sized boat of its own but, in 1975, the government sold her. Now, when the Mounties could really use a large vessel, they have only 11 small speedboats to police Nova Scotia waters. Indeed, the Nova Scotia RCMP haven't even a helicopter to call their own.

Despite reliance on other government agencies for transportation, the JFO has put a wrench into some drug-peddling operations. In Halifax, some dealers are going out of business. The JFO's method is to single out the bigger figures in the drug world and then go after them with wiretaps, undercover workers, informers, house searches, etc. It may be proof of the unit's effectiveness that, since its establishment in '79, the price of Halifax weed has jumped from \$650 a pound to \$825. The stuff's getting tougher to find. Convictions in busts last year, compared to the previous year, tripled.

On the south shore, the RCMP are asking locals to watch for heavily burdened vessels, lying low in the water and carrying a lot of electronic gear; and to report unusual gatherings of boats, trailers and aircraft in sparsely populated stretches of coast. "It's like a game," Crowhurst says. "They [the smugglers] get more sophisticated every year and so do we." But the game can be dangerous: "There's been a lot of lives lost on both sides over the years."

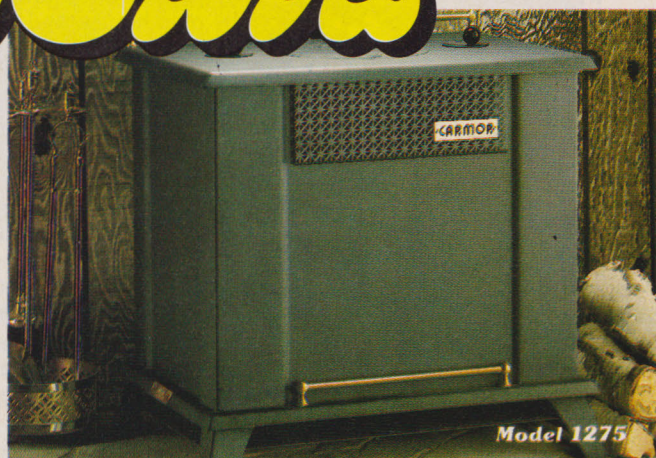
— Betsy Chambers

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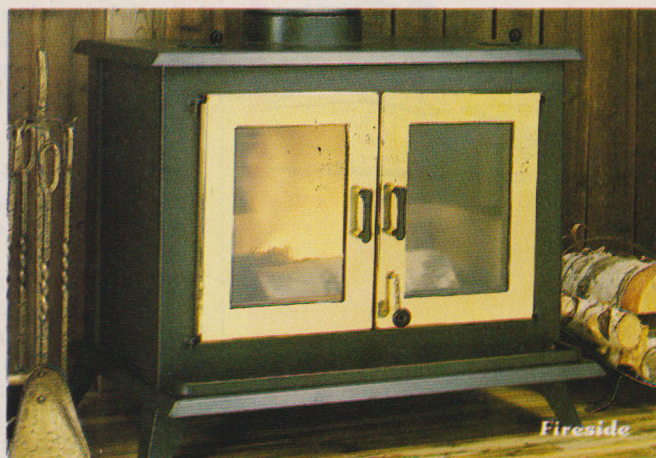
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Newfoundland and Labrador

Pirate TV in Labrador won't silently steal away

Like hundreds of other communities across northern Canada, most of Labrador now gets its television (CBC excepted) through systems which are unlicensed, unauthorized and illegal from start to finish. Where Canadian broadcasters have failed to deliver, people have taken the law into their own hands, and the anarchy is spreading quickly. Every major community has, or plans to, put up a receiving dish to suck TV signals off American satellites and a transmitter to send the stolen programs into nearby homes. Several operators are already planning to expand their services.

The only reason the rest of Newfoundland—where large areas have no alternative to the CBC and no cable—isn't dotted with back-yard "dishes" is that the island lies too far east to pick up the U.S. satellite signals. But a Corner Brook company, Shellbird Communication Ltd., has recently become the provincial dealer for the Pickering, Ont., electronics firm which helped bring American television to Labrador: Shellbird reports dozens of requests from people who, if the signals were available, would purchase dishes immediately.

The problem started because the people entered the satellite age one step ahead of government policy. Besides worrying over the fact that the U.S. and Canada have a treaty which prohibits them from taking signals off one another's satellites, the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) fears pirating will wipe out any hope of enforcing Canadian content rules when more Anik satellites go up in the next few years. The Labrador Inuit Association is leery of the impact TV will have on native culture and, like other native groups, wants some control over local programming as television makes its way into isolated communities. The message of the pirates, meanwhile, is clear: People want television and, to get it, they'll become outlaws.

"We suffered a long time with just one station," says Gordon Manstan, a Labrador City businessman who chairs the Community Recreation Rebroadcasting Service (CRRS). "This is a mining town. Most people work shifts.



Dave Hunt, Goose Bay: He's just starting

They get off at midnight and there's nothing on, nothing to do." All-volunteer and non-profit, CRRS last December started bringing in three U.S. signals, including Home Box Office, the 24-hour-movie pay-TV channel for which CRRS doesn't pay. CRRS is paying off its \$60,000 worth of equipment through "subscriptions" of seven dollars a month—contributions are voluntary since any set in the Wabush-Labrador City area can pick up the signals—and Manstan says they're doing well enough to have pledged half a million dollars over the next five years for a new sportsplex in the community.

The federal government has the power to throw the book at pirate broadcasters, but it's been lying low, at least until it straightens out its own broadcasting policies and licenses legitimate alternatives. But CRRS may soon face prosecution because it started pirating three months *after* a Montreal-based cable company, Norcable Ltd., got a licence to bring U.S. channels to Wabush, Labrador City and several nearby Quebec communities via microwave from Sept-Îles. Norcable still hasn't set up business in Labrador. Besides CRRS's brazen intervention, there was the winter down-time, a federal election and more policy confusion, and a court challenge by the Newfoundland government. It wants a Newfoundland-controlled company to get the licence. And CRRS has thrown another wrench in the works by applying for a licence to



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Newfoundland & Labrador

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Churchill Falls Satellite TV, run by a five-member volunteer committee, has been bringing two U.S. channels to some 280 families in that Labrador company town since April and plans to add two more channels next year. Household subscriptions have nearly paid off the initial \$40,000 investment and committee member Ralph Parsons says they could sustain the service on just a few dollars a year per family, mainly because they aren't paying for the signals. "We're not averse to paying for it, but until we're legal, we can't," Parsons says. A group in Happy Valley-Goose Bay has its first dish on order for October. Unlike the other Labrador pirates, this group plans to scramble the signals it takes off the U.S. satellite: Subscribers will have to lease a decoding apparatus in order to receive the channels.

Extra channels in Goose Bay will mean a big boost to Dave Hunt's contraband broadcast business. Hunt runs the Pro Hardware store in Goose and last September he set up a 10-watt transmitter in coastal Makkovik, 100 miles away. With his home video-recorder in Goose Bay, Hunt records the CBC Northern Service broadcasts on tapes, flies them daily into Makkovik where employee John Andersen plays them back into the local transmitter hooked up to his house. Hunt charges each family \$10 a month but says he doesn't worry too much about collecting.

"I did it to sell TVs," says Hunt. He's sold 50 so far. "Now it's become a great PR job for me because I'm getting all kinds of other business from Makkovik." Hunt plans to put transmitters in other coastal communities which now get no television at all. "Postville, Rigolet, Hopedale, in that order," he says. These places are too small even to be part of the CBC's accelerated coverage plan. "I'm sort of showing up the government," Hunt says proudly. "I'd love them to prosecute me. It would be great publicity."

If the CRTC follows the recommendations of its committee, which reported in late July, it will call for applications to deliver a package of Canadian and American programs via satellite to northern and remote areas, including Labrador. Instead of cracking down on the pirates or legitimizing them by granting them licences, the CRTC hopes to "reduce the demand" for illegal operations by encouraging properly regulated broadcasters to gently put them out of business. The only trouble is the pirates may not go away quietly.

— Amy Zierler

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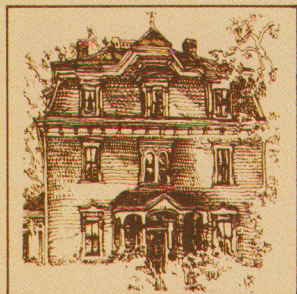
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New Brunswick

Saint John vs. Irving: It's about a water bill

Not to worry. The city claims Irving Pulp and Paper owes it a mere \$2.3 million

Many cities stage pageants about past events. An appropriate topic in Saint John would be relations between the city and Irving Pulp and Paper Ltd. An appropriate site would be the Reversing Falls rapids at the mouth of the Saint John River. There are three installations there: A tourist bureau, a mental hospital and the company's pulp mill. Tourists could be treated to a pageant featuring all city taxpayers marching solemnly in front of the mill on their way to the hospital to have their heads examined.

The high tides of the Bay of Fundy force salt water up the river but it can't be used in the mill. Twice, when the company wanted to expand, it asked the city for fresh water. Both times this meant massive pipeline-laying projects. In 1958, the city agreed to supply water for 25 years at rates so low they might have been struck by the Indians who swapped Manhattan for a string of beads. A new city council promptly launched a lawsuit that failed in the Supreme Court of Canada in 1963.

In 1969, the company was back asking for more water. This time, incredibly, an \$8-million project was started and finished without any contract being signed. Since 1973, the city has been imposing rates high enough to cover the cost of this project. The company has been paying only part of its bills. As a result, the amount that Irving Pulp and Paper owes the city has now surpassed \$2.3 million.

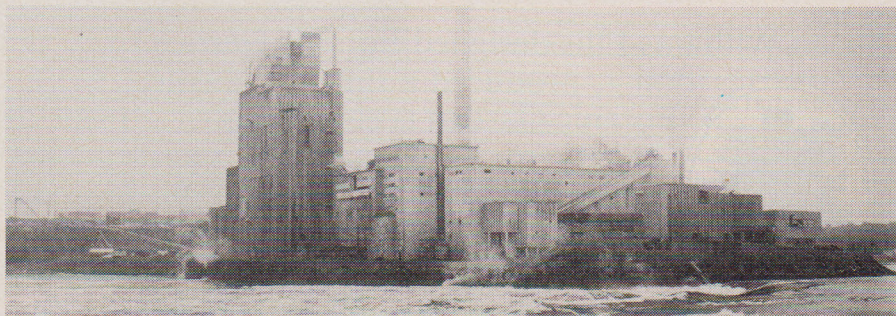
Bob Lockhart, elected mayor in 1971, after construction was under way, recalls that when the city told the company what the rate would have to

be, company spokesmen responded that "the rate would put the mill out of business." The city and the company came within 7/10 of a cent of each other before negotiations collapsed. This May, when Lockhart returned as mayor after a six-year absence, the 7/10 of a cent had grown into what may be the biggest unpaid private water bill in history.

The dispute is tricky. The company, after requesting the extra water in 1969, later installed a water-recycling system and didn't need much of the new water. The bills since 1973 have included a "consumption deficiency charge" in addition to a charge for water actually used. The deficiency charge relates to the amount of water the city claims the company ordered. The dispute means big dollars because the mill consumes big amounts of water. In 1979, the Saint John water system produced 18.7 billion gallons; the Irving mill used 10.2 billion.

Here's the chronology of the conflict:

- In 1958, the city agreed to pump 30 million gallons a day from Loch Lomond, several miles to the east, through a pipeline that crossed much of the city to the mill. The company agreed to pay one cent per 1,000 gallons for the first nine million gallons and one-half cent per 1,000 gallons for the next 21 million gallons, plus a flat payment of \$35,000 a year. The contract runs to 1983.
- In 1959, the city, realizing it would lose a bundle on the scheme, tried to raise the rate to a more realistic five cents per 1,000 gallons. The new council



Big dispute over big amounts of water means big dollars

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New Brunswick

claimed the old council exceeded its authority in striking the deal without following prescribed assessment procedures. During the ensuing trial, witnesses described the city's undertaking to supply so much water to a private industry as unheard of. The case dragged on for four years. The city lost.

- In 1969, company vice-president J.K. Irving told then Mayor James Calvin the company would need water for a new expansion. The city immediately sought money from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE). The idea was to tap into the Musquash lake system west of the city.

- In 1970, J.K. Irving told the city the mill would need an extra 21.4 million gallons a day and would pay five cents per 1,000 for the new water. DREE put up \$8 million, half as a grant and half as a loan to be paid back over 30 years at seven-plus percent interest.

- In 1972, the city pressed for 5.7 cents per 1,000. Nine different agreements were drawn up and abandoned. Finally, negotiations broke off.

- In 1973, on the recommendation of the accounting firm H.R. Doane and Co., the city began to charge the deficiency fee, and the company began to ignore it.

This year part of the mill was closed and water use dropped to 18 million gallons a day (m.g.d.); it is not expected to go higher. The peak use came from 1972 to 1976 when the average was 35 m.g.d. The billing system is complex, but it works on the principle that the company is responsible for all 51.4 m.g.d. it ordered, 30 in 1958 and 21.4 in 1970. The annual bill can actually rise as consumption drops. Using 20 m.g.d., the company would be billed \$87,925 for water consumed and \$573,050 (the deficiency fee) for water not consumed, for a total of \$660,975. At 35 m.g.d., the bill is \$298,060 for water consumed, and \$299,300 for water not consumed, for a total of \$597,360. The company has not been charged interest on the overdue amount, but it has lost a 10% early-payment discount.

The saddest part of this affair is that most Saint John taxpayers are unaware of it. The Irving-owned newspapers say as little as possible about issues involving Irving-owned industries. The city could lose a devastating amount of money, or possibly an industry, or enter into a lengthy lawsuit, or jump into another laughing-stock agreement, all in the dark. But that's the way things go.

—Jon Everett



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Our employees and their artistic talents



DOREEN GORDON DICK was born at New Westminster, B.C. and joined the Company in March 1959. She is now employed as Office Services Supervisor at our Vancouver office. Doreen has been involved in Amateur Theatre for many years, first in acting and in directing for the past 15 to 20 years. She is a past recipient of the Best Director Award in the Provincial Drama Festival of British Columbia. Doreen is presently studying classical guitar but she is also very active in outdoor sports—cycling, hiking, cross-country skiing, swimming and tennis.

OLEG PODYMOW is a Canadian of Ukrainian origin having been born at Rutchenkovo, Ukraine. A graduate in Civil Engineering, he joined our Company in May 1951 and progressed from Draftsman, to Field Engineer, Project Manager and to his present position of Manager, Loss Control at the Company's Corporate Office in Montreal.

Oleg is a talented landscape artist whose paintings have been well received by the public. The twelve paintings reproduced on our 1980 Company calendar are among his artistic creations. He and his wife Anneli are the proud parents of a daughter Tina who is also a good artist and pianist and a son Eric who also shows a flair for art.



DAVID C. CLARK is a Nova Scotian born at Middleton in the Annapolis Valley. Joining the Company in 1964, he has been Quarry Foreman at the Brookfield, N.S. plant since 1971. He is a Registered Land Surveyor in Nova Scotia and in the State of Maine and he is actively involved in the Association of N.S. Land Surveyors as Chairman of the Survey Standards Committee. Dave is also a member of the Canadian Institute of Surveying, the Maine Society of Land Surveyors and a number of mining associations and institutes.

Dave Clark is a most talented photographer having captured many photo contest awards. His excellent photos have been used in our Company's Annual Report and other corporate publications in recent years.



JOHN ANTHONY RALPH HUGHES who was born in Toronto and graduated from the University of Toronto in 1974 (Honours B.A.—French) joined our Toronto Warehouse staff in April 1977 as Shipping Clerk.

John is an accomplished musician, having played piano for 21 years and he uses his talents as a pianist and as a conductor of orchestras to produce musical comedies and dramas. Since February, 1976 John has acted as Musical Director, Choral Director and Pianist-Conductor for a variety of musical and theatrical productions including "Bells are Ringing", "Gold Rush", "Hello Dolly", "The Fantastics", "Sweet Charity" and "She Loves Me". John's father, mother and sister are also accomplished pianists.



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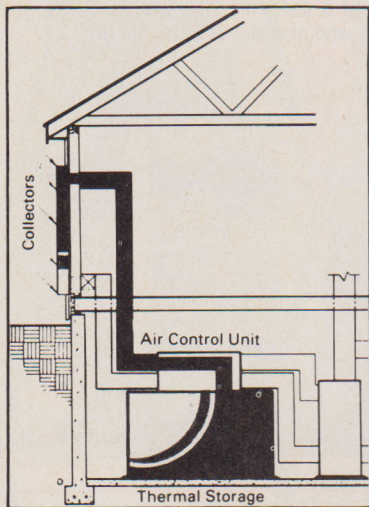


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Prince Edward Island

Floods of changes at the Ark

The Island's "natural living" experiment is four years old this month. Its big ideas have shrunk a lot. But it's still alive, honest

Four years ago this month the Island launched its latter-day Ark with a fanfare of trumpets that would have gratified Noah. Prime Minister Trudeau descended from the heavens in a helicopter, declaring that the Ark exemplified "living lightly upon the earth." John Todd, then director of the combination home-greenhouse-fish hatchery, boasted that the sun and wind had been harnessed. There would be no electricity bills at the Ark. In fact, the Ark would be *selling* power to Maritime Electric Co. Ltd.

Since those early, heady days, there've been some changes. The project was conceived, planned and operated in the beginning by the New Alchemy Institute, an American ecological group that was caught up in a

and fish without the use of pesticides, herbicides and fossil fuels. Ken MacKay, the present director, believes that the project, with its more down-to-earth, practical successes, is becoming more acceptable to Islanders. "At one point, we used to say that the farther you got from the Ark, the more positive the response was. I hope that's no longer true." To a certain extent, it still is true.

In general, the international press has been so positive toward the Ark, MacKay says, it's "almost embarrassing." The local media coverage has warmed appreciably. But you still find Islanders who mutter darkly about fast-talking smoothies conning the government out of tax dollars for windmills that don't work and fish ponds that don't hold water. Or residents to whom the whole project is as mysterious as the innards of a spaceship. "People come here from all over the world who have heard about the Ark," says Sally MacDonald, a senior tour guide. "But I've talked to Islanders who say they've never heard of it."

The project came under fairly heavy scrutiny even before the solar collectors were installed and the windmills hooked up. The P.E.I. government donated the windswept, 10-acre site for the project, and Ottawa provided a \$354,000 initial grant (which is about the size of this year's budget). Islanders were curious about what these hippy-dippy Americans were doing with all the tax dollars. They were so curious that signs on the construction site warned: "Do not talk to the carpenters."

That didn't endear the Alchemists to the locals. Neither did the Ark's resident German shepherd, though his bark really was worse than his bite. Or the sturdy gate at the junction of the Ark road and the main highway. Or the chain across the lane leading to the main buildings. In the early years, MacKay says, the Ark simply wasn't prepared for visitors or able to cope with them. Yet hordes of them came. For the first 18 months, architect David Bergmark and project worker Nancy Willis and her two children lived in the Ark, an experience Bergmark describes as "outrageously terrible." Unable to stand the strain of 500 strangers troop-



Director MacKay: Some unsung progress

wave of enthusiasm for technology as the answer to the energy crisis. Today the project is under new, local management. They've dropped the grandiose claims about self-sufficiency. The Ark hasn't been able to produce its own electricity from windpower, much less sell power to anyone else. The solar system hasn't lived up to expectations. These days you don't hear much talk about the Ark as a place where "the sun, wind, architecture and ecosystems operate in beautiful concert." Instead, the talk is about compost heaps (What's the best seaweed-manure ratio?) and how to keep bugs off tomato plants.

The Ark is being advertised as a research laboratory, experimenting with better methods of growing plants



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Prince Edward Island

ing through the living room on a Sunday, the couple moved out and the live-in experiment was stopped. The staff of nine (25 in summer) eat lunch in the dining room, and the bedrooms are now offices.

The Ark's failures have been very public. "There were a lot of hopes raised and a lot of promises made," says MacKay. "The Ark was going to be self-sufficient, and that whole image really grabbed people." Two windmills were set up, one to produce heat, the other electricity. Neither worked. The expensive, active solar system, which was supposed to heat the living area, has been plagued by problems. The successes haven't been so eye-catching: They've discovered bugs that can control aphids and white flies in the greenhouse. There's a fish hatchery, where rainbow and brook trout and salmon are hatched in vats. Algae and hydroponic plants absorb the fish wastes, eliminating the need for expensive filtering and pumping systems. A dozen new homes on the Island are using energy-conserving principles learned from the Ark. The greenhouse, with its passive solar system, has worked well; a second one is being built at the project. It will store heat in mud—a system MacKay considers rather appropriate for the Island.

The Institute of Man and Resources took over the management of the Ark in 1978, and named MacKay, a biologist who had worked in aquaculture and agriculture at the College of Cape Breton, director. One of his first acts was to set up a corps of guides for the tours that start every 20 minutes on Sunday afternoons (you can also visit by appointment on Wednesdays). There are slide shows explaining what the Ark is all about. Publications and workshops give advice on everything from advanced compost-making to building a home from cordwood. And there's an education-information officer to deal with reporters, organize workshops and write publications.

It's hard to tell whether these public relations exercises are winning friends for the Ark. Sally MacDonald believes people who've been visiting the place this year are "much less hostile." David Bergmark says the Ark should concentrate on its research work and stop worrying about whether it's loved. In the first place, he says, it doesn't really matter if the guy next door approves of the project, so long as he tolerates it. In the second place, it's a bad omen. "The minute an organization starts worrying about its public relations," Bergmark says, "that means its public relations are very bad."

— Marian Bruce



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Ottawa Diary

The "Newfie bullet" ricochets on

In a pallid House of Commons, the wit of Nfld.'s John Crosbie amazes his friends, confounds his foes

Political foes call him "Old Leather Lungs." The press say he's "Newfie's answer to the Marx Brothers." Fellow Tories have dubbed him "The Newfie Bullet." He's **John Carnell Crosbie**, King Comic of the House of Commons. Stories about his sharp-tongued wit started back on October 18, 1976, when he was first elected to Parliament—by coincidence, on Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's birthday. Crosbie threatened to send himself, wrapped in red ribbons, to the prime minister. To celebrate his upcoming anniversary in the Commons, here are his best blue-ribbon one-liners.

On Pierre Trudeau

Often, the prime minister is the bull's eye for Crosbie barbs. During the last federal election, Crosbie called Trudeau "The Count Dracula of Canadian economics...sucking the lifeblood from the Canadian economy." On another occasion, Trudeau was winner of the "Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail Award for flip-flops."

Paraphrasing the introduction to a 1940s radio drama, Crosbie chimed: "Who knows what evil lurks in the heart of the Liberals. Only The Shadow [Trudeau] knows and he won't tell." The Newfoundlander also paraphrased the inspirational inscription on the Statue of Liberty, proposing Trudeau's motto might be: "Give me your tired, your weary, your faithful Liberals, your disposed Liberals, and I will see they are given a post in the civil service."

Commenting on Trudeau's economic and social policies, Crosbie noted: "He may have taken the state out of the bedrooms of the nation, but they've gotten into every other damn room."

On the Liberal team

"Liberals like being in power," Crosbie says. "They cling to power with their fingernails, toenails, hangnails and any other nails." But the biggest nail in their sides is Crosbie himself, whose descriptive powers always seem to throw them off guard.

Lloyd Axworthy, the minister of Employment and Immigration, is "The Toothless Tarzan."

Jack Horner, the defeated Tory-turned-Liberal renegade, he calls "The

Honorable Loose Lips," adding: "Horner's giving Newfoundland a case of Horneroids—a complete obstruction."

Poking fun at former External Affairs minister Don Jamieson, who made frequent use of government aircraft, Crosbie dubbed him "Jet Lag Jamieson."

Of Otto Lang, the former Transport minister, whose use of government planes was also legendary, he quips: "Not the author of *Fear of Flying*, but a good argument for retroactive birth control."

Crosbie also has had fun with former Liberal Finance ministers. Among them:

Jean Chrétien is "Mr. Slippery Heels" and "a Pinocchio whose nose will soon stretch across the floor of the Commons as a sign of his fibs about the economy."

Donald Macdonald—"The King Kong of Canadian Finance ministers."

And naturally, there's John Turner, once heir apparent to Pierre Trudeau: "Old blue eyes will soon be old black eyes if he comes out of his legal lair in Toronto to face this House."

On lawyers

Crosbie: "I have given you this aphorism before, and I will repeat it: You might as well open an oyster without a knife as a lawyer's mouth without a fee."

On the sexes

In June, 1980, Crosbie suggested that the government will have to start thinking about paying twice as much, if necessary, to get first-class men in government departments. Being rebuked for not including women, Crosbie haughtily replied: "When I say man, I mean woman. When I say woman, I mean man. I am bisexual in that respect. And when I say Mr. Speaker, I mean Madame Speaker. When I say Madame Speaker, I mean Mr. Speaker. This is the way I am—absolutely sexless."

On Ottawa

Shortly after becoming Finance minister, he told an interviewer: "The nights when you are out tripping the light fantastic are few and far between, because when you get to them you find you're not in any condition to trip the

light fantastic...I haven't got disco fever."

On Fisheries

When Crosbie was Finance minister and Jim McGrath the minister for Fisheries and Oceans, they called themselves "the fish and chips kids."

Of the present Fisheries Minister Roméo LeBlanc, Crosbie says, "He should find his Juliet and do to her what he's doing to the fishery."

And of French movie star Brigitte Bardot, a sometime anti-sealing protester, Crosbie once noted: "She did a lot of twitching over here—twitching in ways you wouldn't believe. Then again, you might."

On Ed Broadbent and the NDP

"The NDP," Crosbie says, "are like Snow White and the seven dwarfs except they haven't got Snow White...their leader [Broadbent] is bent, broadly."

Another time, he called the NDP "moonbeams." "Why moonbeams?" he asks. Because every time there is a full moon, they want another election."

Nationally, the NDP are "the party of Nicely Decent Perceptions. An NDP government would be 24 incipient Otto Langs." In Saskatchewan, they're the "let's Nationalize the Damn Potash party."

"The Ayatollah Khomeini controls a lot of oil...and a lot of gas," he says. "But Ayatollah Broadbluff only controls a lot of gas."

"Pierre Trubent" and "Ed Broaddeau" are the same, he once remarked. "Tweedledum and Tweedle-dummer, that's the NDP and the government."

On John Crosbie

Appearing before the cream of the Montreal business community, in December, 1979, he recited "a poem" from the Newfoundland poet, Dr. Hara-Kiri Hashimoto:

Are you doing your thing in Ottawa too?

With a population of millions to screw.

*Be firm and be just
And bear this in mind:*

They say a hard man

Is a good thing to find;


So fuddle us gently

If fuddle you must;

We pray to our God

But in Crosbie we trust.

— Julianne Labreche



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ROYAL BANK

What'll they do (yawn) about the constitution?

Okay, so the BNA Act's boring. Read this anyway. It's important stuff

It took 16 steamy weeks for the delegates who met in Philadelphia in 1787 to hammer out the compromises that led to the signing of the U.S. Constitution. By the time they'd finished their "more perfect Union," they had written a constitution that British prime minister W.E. Gladstone later called "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Canadians should be a tenth as lucky.

Our constitutional preliminaries are over. Now, unready or not, the first ministers are meeting in Ottawa Sept. 8-12 "to reach conclusions on work under way and to put in train a further work program." It's fortunate the expectations for the main event are so modest. Anyone who looks to the first ministers to agree quickly—or at all—on a new constitution wasn't following the summertime rehearsals. That's when the second-stringers were supposed to be preparing the way, like John the Baptist, for the 11 Messiahs.

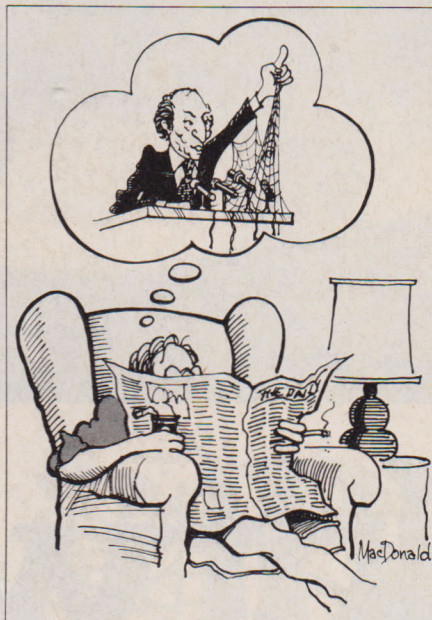
Instead, the federal and provincial ministers and their hordes of retainers came on like *consiglieris* and *caporegimes* at a Mafia conclave—staking their claims to more power, conceding little, but all the time proclaiming their devotion to each other and their dedication to the greater good. Considering what the subordinates accomplished in long summer weeks, it's hard to see how the Dons can make headway in five September days. The best we can hope for is that no one will start reaching for his machine-gun.

Meanwhile, your average Canadian may be wondering what's causing all the delay.

The answers lie entangled in a web of fear, pettiness and love of power; and, ultimately, in a failure of statecraft. Our political leaders are hard-eyed bargainers but poor statesmen. Edmund Burke might have been thinking of them when he said, "The state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by

the fancy of the parties." To Burke, the state deserved "other reverence"; it was "a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection."

It's unrealistic to hope the first ministers will rise to that feeling of "other reverence." It's doubtful if they'll show even the spirit of give and take that characterizes transactions of "low concern." Pepper and coffee traders might do better. Take the seemingly simple matter of patriation of the BNA Act. It's an anomalous colonial hang-over that Canada, alone among the free nations of the world, is not the



custodian of its own constitution. Trudeau wants to bring the act to Canada, by agreement with the provinces if possible, by unilateral federal action if necessary. All provinces except Ontario are adamantly opposed to Ottawa's acting alone. Why? Because of mingled fear and pettiness—fear that if Ottawa gets control of the constitution it will amend the act to suit its own purposes; pettiness in the provinces' use of patriation as merely one more chip in the constitutional poker game, rather than the required ante before the cards are dealt.

The provinces do have the excuse that patriation was treated as one of

the 12 chips to be fought over during the summer. The others:

- *A statement of principles.* No progress. The ministers couldn't get beyond the proposed first phrase, "We, the people of Canada..." René Lévesque and Claude Ryan both want it to convey the thought, "We, the two founding peoples of Canada..."

- *A charter of rights, including language rights.* After patriation, chief among Trudeau's desiderata. No progress. Quebec wants no dilution of its language legislation; most other provinces want no interference with provincial control of education.

- *A dedication to sharing and/or equalization: The reduction of regional disparities.* Agreement in principle, but clothing it with suitable words and ample funding won't be easy.

- *Resource ownership and inter-provincial trade and* • *Powers affecting the economy.* No progress. Ottawa wants to ensure free movement of goods, capital and labor across provincial boundaries. The provinces are aghast at the thought they'll lose some of their carefully constructed restraints of trade. The oil-producing provinces want to limit severely Ottawa's power to tax natural resource revenues. Without compromise by all "sides," these differences alone will scuttle talks.

- *Offshore resources.* Most provinces support the ownership claims of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Ottawa doesn't. Compromise may be possible.

- *Communications, including broadcasting.* Ottawa's prepared to meet most provincial demands.

- *Family law.* Ottawa's willing to vacate the field. Progress made.

- *A new upper House (Senate), involving the provinces.* Details unsettled but no fundamental disagreement. Progress being made.

- *The Supreme Court.* Progress possible. Provinces to have say in appointment of judges.

- *Fisheries.* Newfoundland and B.C. want shared jurisdiction, other provinces want more influence. Increased provincial consultation likely.

Absent from the summer agenda was the vexing question of an amending formula for a new constitution. Simply put, the issue is whether all of the provinces should have veto powers over constitutional amendments, powers which they apparently now enjoy. One suspects it may be years before this thorny problem is dealt with, let alone resolved. The fervor for a new constitution, so evident in May, seems to have faded with the passage of summer.

—Harry Flemming

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Sports



Corrigan: A "straight" boxer finishes first

Think you're tough? Meet Fred Corrigan

What happens when bar-room brawlers and mean street-fighters slug it out in the ring? A trained boxer whips them. Now, he's New Brunswick's Mr. Tough

Hold my coat, pass me a rock, I'm from Jacquet River." That's a line from "Jacquet River," a popular song on New Brunswick's north shore, where men are men and women are glad of it. The speaker is a rowdy rambler who feels he can whip his weight in wildcats, but might just need a rock to do it. But, alas, the recent New Brunswick "tough-guy" competition would not have allowed him to use rocks.

It, of course, was only the first official tough-guy contest. N.B.'s tough guys have been testing one another since Glooscap thrashed all comers. They've tangled on the foggy docks of old Saint John, in the boondocks of Moncton, in the woolly wilds of the mighty Miramichi. No holds barred and no bars closed.

Now, however, comes a new fistic fad, and it bids fair to sweep Atlantic Canada. It's a competition in which the tough guys fight inside a ring, and the tough-guy-watchers pay to see them beat one another up. In the Atlantic region, the first such tournament (?) occurred earlier this summer in Moncton's J. Louis Lévesque arena before 3,500 fans. They watched 16 fighters viciously have at it. When the dust had settled, Fred Corrigan of Charlo was grand champ. Mr. Tough Guy.

The fighters weighed from 170 to

200 lbs., and drew lots for match-ups in the preliminary fights. The rules permitted boxing, wrestling, a certain amount of stomping and good, old kickin' and a-gougin'. Kicking a guy when he was down was illegal but, so long as you avoided his groin, knees or elbows, you could certainly kick him when he was vertical.

The fighters were an interesting mix of styles. Corrigan confined himself to "straight" boxing. On the other hand (on the other foot, actually), runner-up Ken Doucet of Loggieville fought more in the street style. "Puttin' the boots to him" figured largely in his first three wins. In his third fight, however, just before he met Corrigan in the final, the crowd roundly booed Doucet for what they saw as a low kick. This may have cramped his style. Against Corrigan, he kept his feet to himself, and the boxer handled him with ease. Doucet tossed in the towel after two rounds.

Since the finalists each fought four bouts in one night, the bouts were short—three two-minute rounds—and the whole card was over in two and a half hours. Corrigan was the only one who looked as if he might have been able to handle a couple more scraps. A welder by trade, he's also the head coach of an amateur boxing club. He's 28, 5'11", 185 lbs., and he's been boxing

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Sports

for 10 years. He won a gold medal at the Canada Games in '75.

With a good jab, he kept other tough guys off balance and piled up points. Moreover, he knew how to slip all those intended haymakers. He was good on his feet and ring-wise. "I can't see a street fighter doing anything with an experienced boxer," he said later. "They have no sense of timing or distance. Most of them just close their eyes and swing. They're more or less going on sheer nerves."

What's the secret in tough-guy competition?

"You have to keep your cool," Corrigan says. "Every fighter you meet has his own individual style, so you have to take them as they come, adjusting to their style, or the lack of it, and keeping your eyes open. If you do that, you'll usually come out on top." (Especially if you have 10 years' ring experience in top amateur ranks.)

Corrigan pocketed \$1,000 for his triumph in Moncton, and thereby lost his amateur status. He enjoyed the festival of toughs. "It seems to be catching on everywhere," he says, "and the Maritimes are one of the tougher areas of Canada, so maybe we'll have a lot more of them [tough-guy competitions]. They could be good, as long as everyone sticks to the rules and no one gets hurt."

No one was hurt in Moncton. The judges and referees, including pro hockey player Gordie Gallant, kept a close eye on things. The fighters wore 12-ounce gloves, and most chose to wear headgear. Some also wore special kickin' boots (no soles), apparently to get a little extra feeling into their fun.

One of the judges was Yvon Durelle (*Insight*, April 1980), the former Canadian and British Empire light-heavy-weight boxing champion, and he said, "A boxer will win every time [over a kicker]. You can hit a man quicker and harder with your hands." The evening reminded Durelle of "the way we used to train in Baie Ste. Anne 20 years ago. We [Yvon, his brothers, cousins, neighbors] would all get out in the back yard and put the gloves on and we'd fight till there was only one man standing. It used to get pretty rough, but no one ever got seriously hurt, and we had a great time. It was a lot more fun than working out in a dusty old gym." In Moncton, Yvon kiddingly claimed that if the fighters didn't show him proper respect, he'd leap into the ring and whup the whole raft of them. No one took him seriously, of course; but, then again, no one invited him into the ring, either.

— Dave Butler

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Clayton Developments Ltd.: The Community Builders in Nova Scotia

Cover Story

He's a movie superstar with his roots in a small town in Nova Scotia. His memory of the province is of a "magic, almost holy" place that represents both reality and romance.

But he knows you really can't go home again. Especially if you're

Donald Sutherland, actor

By Martin Knelman

When Donald Sutherland flew from his home in Los Angeles to England to start work on his latest movie, *Eye of the Needle*, he took a bizarre routing. First he took the redeye (overnight) flight to Boston, then got a connection to Halifax, and after a stop of another few hours, took another overnight flight across the Atlantic to London. This was all so he could turn up in person to collect an honorary degree from Saint Mary's University. It is not merely that Sutherland—a large man with a booming voice—takes gallantry to almost ridiculous extremes, although that is true, too. It's that Nova Scotia remains in his memory as a magic, almost holy, place. He spent only four years there—his family moved to Bridgewater from Saint John, N.B., when he was 13, and after high school he left for the University of Toronto—but when anyone asks where he's from, he says Nova Scotia.

He couldn't manage to get to Halifax for the university's convocation, so he came a few days earlier—and even persuaded the producers of *Eye of the Needle* to postpone the movie's starting date by one day so he could make the Halifax stop. Why? His soft spot isn't for Halifax itself but for a small town 67 miles down the road. Bridgewater gave him chances to test himself, and it gave him the confidence that eventually propelled him



Sutherland and students at Saint Mary's: Short stop on the way to London

to international movie stardom—in *M*A*S*H*, *Don't Look Now*, *Klute* and dozens of other films.

"When I was there," Sutherland says, "everything was possible." Henrietta Herkes, a high school teacher, gave him the opportunity to practise drama. Radio station CKBW gave him a chance to work in radio. "I had

no fear at all," Sutherland recalls, amazed at the naive ways of his own former self. "It was like an angel's gift."

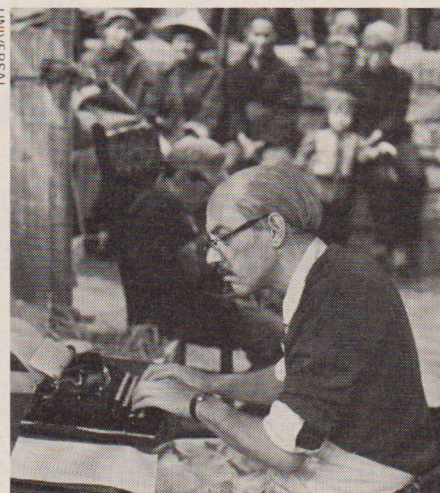
His father's family came from Lockeport, N.S., where his grandfather and his great-uncle ran a general store that sold ropes and other supplies for ships. His mother's father was a Presbyterian



Sutherland in horror film *Don't Look Now*



In title role of Fellini's lavish *Casanova*



As Norman Bethune in CBC production

preacher in Nova Scotia and western Canada. Donald's parents met in Medicine Hat. His mother, who had three brothers, had graduated from the University of Alberta. She taught math and played hockey. His father had been married before, and Donald has a much older half-sister and half-brother from the earlier marriage. (Among his many distinctions, he is the only person related to both Irving Layton, the poet, to whom Donald's sister was once married, and Tommy Douglas, former national leader of the New Democratic Party, whose daughter Shirley was once married to Donald.)

Sutherland's parents settled in Saint John, where his father became vice-president of the New Brunswick Power Corporation. His ancestry is Scots on all sides, but he has little memory of dourness or frugality. As for religion, the family was officially United Church, which meant "we sang hymns and said grace." He remembers that his father was always taking off on impulse—on one occasion, to scalp tickets at the Dodgers' home stadium in Brooklyn. Mostly, he remembers people singing in the back seats of cars.

Still, his adolescence was hardly without pain. He had acne, he was frightfully awkward, and in spite of his size he was lousy at sports. He was an earnest student (who always called the teacher "sir") but not a brilliant one. His show-business career began at 10 or 11 when he put on a puppet show. Trilby, his clown-tramp puppet, is believed to be still hanging in his sister's closet. He cried when his mother and sister went to see *King Lear* but refused to take Donald along because they thought it would be a bad influence on him.

The family moved to Bridgewater in 1948. Donald got a driving permit at

age 14 and had a 1949 Ford convertible which he drove very fast. He'd had polio and rheumatic fever and considered himself "weird-looking." He asked his mother, who had an uncompromising Presbyterian honesty, "Mother, do you think I'm good-looking?" There was a hurtful pause. Then she said quietly: "No, Donald, but your face has character." He stayed in his room sulking for days.

But his performing skills were starting to develop. He played Scrooge in a school production of *A Christmas Carol*. And he gave the valedictory speech at his school graduation. No one remembers what he said, but people still remember the effect of his delivery. It was that voice that landed him a job as a radio announcer. He had gone to the station to apologize for having asked a dumb question during a class visit. The manager said, "Never mind that, we've just lost an announcer. Would you like to do an audition?" Young Sutherland did everything from Templeton TRCs commercials to news broadcasts, and of course, he was a disc jockey.

The write-up in his school yearbook said: "'Suds,' who was born in Saint John, N.B., on April 17, 1935, wandered into our Grade 12 classroom and has been with us ever since. He has taken an active interest in all school activities....He has the unfortunate habit of losing his books and as he is going to Toronto University to study engineering we hope he will hang on to his instruments."

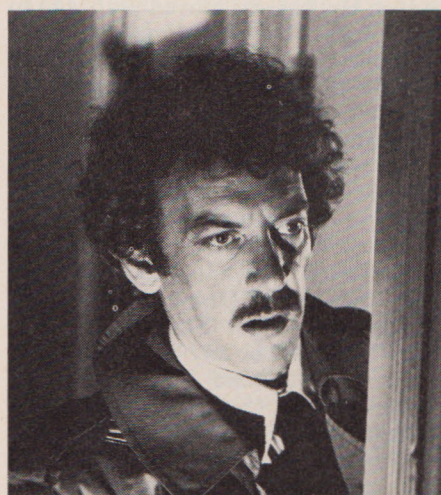
Why Toronto? His father pressured him into taking engineering so he would have a profession, but Donald was mad for acting. He picked U. of T. because it was the only school he could find with both an engineering faculty and an important student theatre. He came last in his engineering class, but that hardly mattered. He also found

Robert Gill at Hart House, and discovered he really was an actor. He switched to English and continued to act at Hart House, U. of T., for four years.

Sutherland left Toronto in 1958, spent the next few years in repertory theatre in Britain. Someone spotted the ghoulish possibilities of his appearance and cast him in a cheapie Italian horror movie called *Castle of the Living Dead*. It was while he was in Rome doing this film that he met and married Shirley Douglas. Her father, the legendary politician Tommy Douglas, was the first person Sutherland ever held in awe. "When he walked into a room, I actually couldn't speak."

After four more Italian horror movies, Sutherland landed in Hollywood in 1967 to appear in *The Dirty Dozen*. He became a star almost by accident when he was cast as a prankish military doctor in what was expected to be a B movie for the drive-ins. But Robert Altman's *M*A*S*H*, a manic black comedy about how people hold on to their sanity in the face of war and death, was the surprise hit of 1970. That stroke of luck gave Sutherland a chance to show what he could do, and after that he didn't need luck.

Sutherland's specialty is a kind of gentle bewilderment. He is physically dominating on the screen, but he's a giant with such a sweet, soft-spoken manner that in some roles he seems to drift away while you watch him. He played the title role in *Kluge* with admirable understatement, as a supporting role to Jane Fonda's tough character study, but he can also make a sensational impact in a small part, as he does in Bertolucci's *1900*, playing a power-hungry Italian fascist who murders cats and children. He persuaded director John Schlesinger to let him play the distinctly-unglamorous book-



In *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*



As Agar in *The Great Train Robbery*



Frosted by Arctic chill in *Bear Island*

Cover Story

JACK CUSANO



CBC television interview in Halifax with Leslie MacKinnon: If anyone asks, he's from Nova Scotia

keeper who lives chastely with a predatory hooker in *Day of the Locust*. To prepare for the part, he ate his way through 40 pounds of chocolates and cream puffs, "maybe because Homer seemed like an expression of all the guilt and repression I felt when I was 14." Yet in *Don't Look Now*, the Gothic thriller, playing opposite Julie Christie, he was an erotic object.

When Federico Fellini was asked why he wanted Sutherland, of all people, to play Casanova, he explained: "That moon face of Sutherland's is completely alien to the image people have of Casanova: The dark-eyed, magnetic Italian with raven locks and dark skin. Since I want to turn the traditional model upside down, a face, like that is exactly what I need. It was this indefinite face which seduced me. I could redesign it, make a new nose, chin, forehead, everything." Unfortunately, Fellini turned Sutherland into a celebrity vampire, and the movie was a trial to sit through.

Nobody could accuse Sutherland of abandoning Canada. He has probably made more films in this country than anyone—and has also had the misfortune to be in some of our worst clinkers. First there was *Act of the Heart*, Paul Almond's theological tear-jerker, in which Sutherland played the priest for whose sake Geneviève Bujold put a match to herself. Then there was *Alien Thunder*, a fiasco about Indians and mounties that was so bad, W.O. Mitchell took his name off the script. *The Disappearance*, a thriller made in Montreal four years ago, disappeared without ever reaching the theatres. Last summer Sutherland returned to Toronto to play opposite Suzanne Somers in *Nothing Personal*, a screw-

ball comedy which opened to almost uniformly negative reviews.

There is still the dream of playing Norman Bethune, the Canadian doctor who became a hero in Communist China. Sutherland has been trying to organize a movie about Bethune since 1969. In 1977 he starred in a CBC drama about Bethune, and that only intensified his wish to make a full-length movie. At one time Otto Preminger wanted to make a movie about Bethune, and only a few months ago a Canadian team—including producer John Kemeny, director Ted Kotcheff and writer Ted Allan—announced they'd secured permission to film in China. They plan to make a \$20-million movie with a major star and Hollywood studio backing. And no, they don't want Sutherland. He says *his* movie would cost no more than \$6 million.

Sutherland first heard of Bethune in the days when he was teaming up with Jane Fonda both professionally and personally. (This was after his marriage to Shirley Douglas broke up.) Fonda and Sutherland were organizing protests within the U.S. Army against the Vietnam War. It was while sharing a platform with Fonda that Sutherland heard a reading of an essay called "Wounds" and was so moved by it that eventually he became one of the world's experts on its author—Norman Bethune.

For the time being Sutherland has settled in Los Angeles, where he lives with his third wife, the French-Canadian actress Francine Racette, and their two young children. (He also has older children, a set of twins from his marriage to Shirley Douglas.) But he is hardly there enough to call it home.

Sutherland's schedule is punishing. Last year he made *Nothing Personal* in Toronto, *Bear Island* in the Arctic and *Ordinary People* (Robert Redford's first effort as a director) in Chicago. The year before, he did *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* in San Francisco and *The Great Train Robbery* in England, as well as cameo roles in *Murder by Decree* and *Animal House*. Next fall he will return to the stage, going to Broadway as Humbert Humbert in Edward Albee's new play based on Nabokov's *Lolita*.

Just before flying to Halifax, Donald Sutherland did something he's been wanting to do for a long time. He spent a month with his family on his own boat. And perhaps his romantic dream of life at sea is another reason why he is drawn to Nova Scotia—because he thinks of it as a haven for vessels. He can't go home again, because there is not much left of his roots in either Saint John or Bridgewater. His parents moved years ago to Las Vegas (for the climate and the gambling), and now there are only a couple of elderly relatives and old school chums left.

Still, to Donald Sutherland, this place represents reality. A decade ago after *M*A*S*H* had opened, he went back to Bridgewater and talked to some of the people he had gone to school with. He wanted to know what they thought of Donald Sutherland, Hollywood star. Somebody said, "Well, he can't be any good, because I used to sit behind him in school." When he tells this story, Sutherland laughs with the booming heartiness that he seems to save for jokes at his own expense. "That's what the truth of it is," he says, "that's what's lovely." ☒

Small Towns



PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

A place of great beauty and greater contrasts

Weymouth, N.S.

It has roots. The names in the history books still decorate its storefronts. There are fine gardens and some of the most beautiful homes in Nova Scotia. And six hiboux.

By H.R. Percy

Weymouth lies in lupin country. They crowd in wherever there's vacant land: Pink and flame-red, white and yellow, mostly blue. As you drive from Digby, glimpsing here and there the summer-burnished St. Mary's Bay and the long green finger of the Neck, lupins stretch out along the ditches. They're the first thing you see as you enter the town. The second is the ugly scar of the new highway bridge spanning the Sissiboo River.

The shock helps prepare you for the contrasts of the place. Fine old houses, maintained with loving pride, mix with stores fallen into decay. A brand-new wharf with fishing boats moored nearby is a companion to the derelict hulk of the old wharf from which Weymouth-built ships went round the world in the days of sail. The reticent brick building of Maritime Tel & Tel, veiled in creepers and garrisoned by lupins, looks askance at the garish yellow-and-orange-striped new firehall. The new highway bridge shouts "Progress!" while a rusty ribbon of a railway line wanders off aimlessly into the past.

It's an elusive place. Even its name is shared by scattered communities that belong and yet don't belong together: Weymouth North, Weymouth Mills, Weymouth Falls. If you whittle it down to its statutory limits, Weymouth is not a town at all but a strip of real estate, 666 feet wide and about two miles long, incorporated as a village. Fifteen hundred people will tell you they live in Weymouth, but the three-member village commission collects taxes from less than 500 of them. Yet Weymouth has the feel and reach and the proud heritage of a town. So many of its sons and daughters have left to help run the world that the town might have been a city, had they stayed home.

Scores of Weymouth men gave their lives to the sea.

Like Captain Tom Randall who, badgered by his profit-hungry owner, set sail in a storm one Christmas day with a cargo of cordwood and lumber, vowing "I'll drive her if she goes to hell!" For all that was ever heard to the contrary, she did.

The town's early settlers were dispossessed Loyalists. No sooner had they cleared land for themselves in "the wilderness of Nova Scotia" than they reached out to capture a share of the world's commerce. In 1783 several families of Massachusetts Joneses came by boat from Annapolis to tent by the Sissiboo, eating bear meat they'd killed along the way. By 1793 Cereno Upham Jones was a well-known merchant, several mills were operating on the Sissiboo and Colonels James Moody and John Taylor were loading their first Weymouth-built ship with lumber for her 18-day maiden voyage to Liverpool.

Colonel Taylor built the first mill with James Journeay. If you cross the Weymouth bridge today and turn into the store that looks as if it were lifted out of a Dickens novel, you'll find Greta Journeay, whose Huguenot family has lived in the town for 200 years and been prominent in its commercial life for most of them. She is a proud, independent woman, full of contradictions, like the town and like the store, where you edge carefully through a welter of boxed shoes and hanging dresses. No one else could possibly find anything, but Greta, perched on a stool at the back, knows not only where everything is but, madam, if you've lived there



New bridge spans, scars the Sissiboo

Small Towns

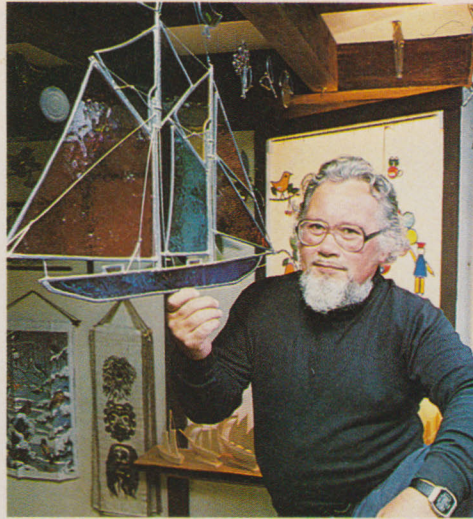
any time at all, the size of your bra and your shoes. "I'm just a bored old woman," she says, but she's vigorous, fascinating, socially committed, incapable of being bored—and not perceptibly old at all.

Though she claims to have sold to six generations, she's the terror of the wayward young who try to steal from the store or to pillage the garden that glorifies the building's south wall, growing out of all kinds of pots, pans and cauldrons. Sitting by the small stove with its long, perilous pipe, you hear about the great fires that ravaged the main street in 1929 and 1959 ("We're a sort of phoenix, risen twice") and the groundhog storm that flooded the stores and threatened to wash them away and of the townspeople who rallied to salvage the merchandise and clean up the mess.

That the phoenix rose at all is a miracle. Most of the business district is built on ancient wooden cribbing. At high tide the buildings wade knee-deep. But at the time of the '59 fire, the tide was out. Art Rice, who later became fire chief, was one of the men who fought the blaze. "If we'd had water tanks on our trucks, that fire wouldn't even have made the local paper." In spite of that, it took a long time to spring the money for mobile tanks.

Art Rice talks about the changing fortunes of Weymouth in his time, the vacuum left by the end of the shipbuilding era, filled first by a furniture factory, then a coffin-making plant. During the Second World War, the town built Fairmile motor launches. Then the facilities and the know-how were put to use building pleasure craft. By 1955 the Weymouth plant was building more and better cabin cruisers than any other place in the country. But, like its predecessors, the industry failed when its period of tax-exemption ran out. "It sometimes makes you wonder," Rice says.

He wonders, too, why the pulp mill moved away to Liverpool in the 1920s so that Weymouth pulpwood has to be shipped abroad. Most of all he wonders why, in spite of vehement protest, the new highway strides brutally across the lovely estuary instead of swinging back into the bush



Ed Holm has the only craft outlet in town



Track "wanders...aimlessly into the past"

where it would bother no one. Rice's dream of a retirement spent quietly cultivating his five acres shattered when the highway clipped off three of them and the clouds of dust began to drift over his rooftop.

"It's the end of the beauty of the Sissiboo," Mrs. Calvin Granville says. Except for the four years she spent at sea in sailing ships commanded by her husband, she has lived all her 85 years in Weymouth. She remembers how the river dominated the lives of Weymouth people, at work or play. Big ships sailed proudly up the channel into which fill is now being dumped from both sides. They came all the way to Weymouth Bridge, to the threshold of the thriving commercial establishments.

As the young postmistress of the place, Ruth Blackadar loved to row out on the river, keeping one eye open for customers, the other for a sight of the handsome Captain Granville's ship coming in. He took her off to sea in 1917. The three ships in which they sailed the world included the four-masted schooner, *Cutty Sark*. "I was a poor sailor," she says, but she loved the life, and when she gave birth to her first child, she was back at sea with the baby in three months. Her husband left the sea to open a store and became part of Weymouth's mercantile tradition.

Colin Campbell was one of the tradition's giants, his name known all over the hemisphere from the 14 sailing vessels he built and named for members of his family. The family dominated Weymouth life and sent members to the provincial legislature for four generations.

One chronicler declared Weymouth's prosperity was "a blessing to the surrounding country." It reached its peak in 1908. During that heyday the town acquired the big, opulent houses that make its main street one of the choice residential areas of Nova Scotia. Driving through, on a day when the sun gilds the trees arching over the road, seeing the fine gardens and ornate house fronts, you're back again in the age of affluence. It's easy to dream of a new prosperity, just around the corner. And perhaps the dream isn't so wild.

Almost unnoticed among the old and new houses, the broken-down mills and abandoned cars are row upon row of low, pointed roofs. They shelter the living riches of the region: The coveted dark mink, exported all over the world. Last year the area produced 60,000 pelts, auctioned off in Montreal at an average of \$50 apiece. Lawrence Mullen bred the first dark mink here and still lives among the scenes of his success.



Mrs. Calvin Granville: A "poor sailor" who loved the life at sea

Glen Barr is a third-generation mink trapper who began breeding the animals 28 years ago. Now his sons Ron and Eric are in the business, there are 3,000 feet of sheds and Barr is still expanding. His 1,500 breeding females produce 5,500 top-quality pelts a year. Except for summer, when Barr employs several students, the family does all the work, with one trusted helper. The freezer rooms—50 tons capacity—are crammed with fish, chicken byproducts from local plants, cooked eggs and other essentials for the minks' diet. Barr points out that it's all new money coming into the area.

In Weymouth North there's a sardine factory scheduled to go into production in 1981. Dave Wilson, Mark Tooth and Brian Shabib started it with a capital investment of \$4.5 million, most of it drawn from the provincial Department of Development and the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion. They'll get herring supplies from parts of the province, and by using cold storage facilities, they expect to operate nine months a year, eventually 12. Weymouth will wait and see. Some people think the factory will smell but, Mrs. Granville says, "it's good for the community. So what if it smells a little?"

Willis Mullen's store, the oldest in town, is empty. It's one of the buildings on the tired main street which cry out for restoration. Artists and craftsmen might settle here, as they have in other areas, but now the only professional craft outlet in town is the stained glass workshop of Ed and Dolores Holm in Weymouth North. Ed, an ex-computer programmer, came from Toronto eight years ago because, he says, "I wanted to be in control of what I do." He and Dolores get plenty of work and buyers from as far away as China and Kuwait.

"We have a good life," Dolores says. "In Toronto we had to flee the pressures of the city every so often. Here we don't need to flee. We like the community and it seems to like us. We're reasonably gregarious and we take an interest in the place, past and present. A lot of people would like to live here if they could make a living." Ed also designs classical guitars, tinkers with computers and goes out in his boat which he keeps moored to his own large waterfront lot. The Holms make ornaments, lamps and windows—but not church windows. "No, it would tie up our work space too long," Ed says. "There'd be a big outlay for an infrequent demand. Besides, I don't like dealing with committees."

Mrs. E. Adair Fergusson does, though. She lives across the street in a fine house with a beautiful garden and she remembers how it was when she came here with her doctor

husband in 1931. She is the Digby County representative on the provincial committee of the Canadian Cancer Society. Her husband established the tradition of service when he helped set up the Digby General Hospital. Dr. Fergusson practised in Weymouth and commuted to Digby, often very late at night. "What a field day the Mounties would have had," Mrs. Fergusson says of those high-speed life-and-death missions.

What she remembers most about Weymouth, apart from the warmth of her welcome into the community, is the cordial relations between blacks and whites, Acadians and English. Black and white relationships have suffered a bit since, she thinks, perhaps because of the general lack of discipline among the youth. Weymouth stands between the predominantly Acadian district of Clare and the English-speaking area around Digby and the Acadian population has increased a lot in Mrs. Fergusson's time. "They're lovely people," she says.

She remembers, too, the legendary "Aunt Annie." For decades the Goodwin Hotel has been a favorite stopover for commercial and other travellers, but in Annie's day many of them made lengthy detours just to stay there. She could play cribbage and keep up with the wildest of them. Three generations of Goodwins ran the hotel before Pat and Arnold Comeau took it over 10 years ago. Together, they work a daily miracle. With one employee in the kitchen and occasional help from their two teen-agers, they run the entire establishment, including the large, well-patronized dining room. Friendly, vivacious Pat says that in renovating the building and providing the service they haven't tried to be fancy. They know the clientele: Businessmen on the move, visiting workers, occasional tourists. Fancy is as fancy does. And with the warmth, the welcome and the good food, who needs fancy?

Weymouth has roots. The names of early settlers you read in history books and on the crumbling headstones in the cemetery are the same ones you see on the storefronts and the real estate boards in the phone book: Cosman, Mullen, Rice, Journeay, Prime. A Hankinson, part of a combine known as "The Chain Lightning Gang," built some of Weymouth's ships (and was pretty quick about it). Today, Hankinsons run Weymouth Motors, one of the most respected auto agencies in western Nova Scotia.

And Sissiboo? Half a dozen owls, roosting in their own heaven, may remember how a shaggy *coureur de bois* pointed their ancestors out to his Micmac companion and said, in a phrase which was to leave its mark permanently on Weymouth, "*Regardez! Six hiboux!*"



Ships once sailed round the world from Weymouth's wharfs



The town boasts some of Nova Scotia's finest homes

PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

Folks



JACK CUSANO

Janega: Three wins down...more to come?

For three years, Nova Scotia's Better Business Bureau has beaten out 13 others for the national organization's top award and, though general manager **Ann Janega** attributes the wins to "good team work," she's held her post three years. Janega got the job when she was 24, fresh from Dalhousie Law School and "a bit green." First she operated on the "panic principle." Now she works with consumers and business, mediates in disputes, writes consumer columns, does public relations. Janega's thrilled with the Halifax-based BBB's recent growth: A healthy province-wide membership, soaring consumer complaints—sounds bad, but it's good—and inquiries. Dealing with fuming callers can be frustrating but "never boring" she says. She looks for catchy ideas to improve the service, like the consumer salute to public-spirited businesses which recognizes "the good side of business for a change" and the consumer arbitration program, where a customer and businessman can, after failed BBB mediation, take their dispute to a decision-binding hearing. It's cheap, often free. Janega likes the variety and says the job has "brought out the investigator in me."

Long before getting back to your roots became all the rage, **Angus**

McGowan of Kilmuir, P.E.I., was keeping tabs on the clans on the south-eastern end of the Island. At 73, he's a walking data bank. Filed away in his head is about 150 years' worth of names, dates, places and anecdotes—the social history of families whose ancestors emigrated in the 1800s from the Highlands and islands of Scotland. McGowan, a retired farmer, says he was "always inclined to keep track of people, who they were, who their families were." His role as a local historian started when he began researching his own ancestors, some of whom came from another Kilmuir—on the Isle of Skye—in the 1850s. He's been studying the genealogy of other Island families for about 12 years. He can trace many of them back to the old country, and he can also tell you, in mind-spinning detail, how the clans are linked through blood ties. A director of the Belfast Historical Society, he's made almost a full-time career of researching genealogy and supplying information to people on and off the Island. In his explorations of family trees, McGowan notices that talents, traits and occupations tend to recur in a family through many generations. You can even inherit an aptitude for genealogy. "I got it from the Campbells," he says.

As a kid, **Merrill Strong** and his pals played marbles, hide-and-seek and tick-tack-toe on Calgary's vacant lots. Strong's 45 now, but he never forgot those days in the Thirties. In the basement of his Lunenburg, N.S., home, he relives them in clay sculptures



DAVE NICHOLS

Strong: Never short of subjects

of kids at play which he calls "The Vacant Lot Series." His seven-inch-tall boy figures race in soap box derbys, raid gardens and fish. He doesn't do girls because "I have trouble with their legs." Each figure, stained white or a woody tone, takes 20 hours of Strong's evenings. By day he's a plumber but he'd like to work at his hobby full-time. "Clay is so relaxing to work with," he says. Strong, his wife, Judy, and their two kids left Calgary's "maddening crowds" in '76, moved east, bought a 100-year-old house and 28 acres of land. He had doodled, sketched and painted for years even though he calls himself a "late bloomer." He took clay sculpting one winter with his son Brent, sold a piece to the Nova Scotia government (for about \$350) and has two Halifax exhibits coming up. Other artists say he should do single figures but he'll stick with groups because he's nostalgic about the days when kids played in groups and used imagination to have fun. He doesn't worry about running out of subjects: "Think of hide-and-seek and all the different hiding places, behind trees, in garbage cans," he says. "Gee, I don't think I could exhaust them."



GORD JOHNSTON

Macdonald: Harness, yes; horses, no

Horses make **Eileen Macdonald** nervous. She won't ride them. She'd rather not watch them race. And she doesn't want to get any closer to them than the other side of a good fence. Still, she has managed to carve out a flourishing career in the horsiest of worlds: She's founder and owner of a harness shop behind the Summerside Raceway. She caters mostly to horsemen at the track, selling harness,

sulkies, jog carts, liniments, medicines, shoes, nails, coolers. Macdonald, 44, started the business last October. Her husband, Mac, Summerside's police chief, had bought two acres of land near the raceway, with a barn and a small house that was ideal for a shop. Macdonald says she knew "absolutely nothing" about her business when she started, and she planned to proceed slowly. But the business has grown "twice as big as I wanted," she says. What has helped her survive was hiring as store manager a man with experience in another tack shop. She also can seek advice about the products she sells from her husband, who's been around horses for years and now owns "five or six" of them. He's also raceway president, and still drives his own horses at the track. Eileen Macdonald avoids these and other track events whenever possible. Too many horses.

admitted. So he attacked me. And got admitted." Defusing suicides is the greatest challenge on psychiatry's front lines: "Twice I saw people leap from the Empire State Building. One was blown back on a ledge and one was blown in a window. They ended up at Bellevue." Having proved he understands French in a four-hour grilling, McPherson looks forward to coping with emergencies in two languages at Montreal General. Sooner or later, he'll try to combine medicine and the media, perhaps by spreading psychiatry's answers to life's problems the way Bishop Fulton J. Sheen spread religion's in the Fifties.

Rev. Yvon Boudreau wasn't happy being the only professionally trained wood carver in northeast New Brunswick. He could see lots of "whittlers" who, with penknife and ice pick, were etching figures appealing enough to be displayed and bought in craft shows. Father Boudreau himself had been trained by master carver Jean Julien Bourgault of St. John Port Joli, Que. (Bourgault was so impressed with the priest's talents, he apprenticed him for nothing.) Boudreau's experience in St. John Port Joli convinced him artisans could make a living at their craft, and wood carving could be an industry in the Bathurst area. He trained two dozen carvers himself and, with the help of a government grant, brought visiting carvers from St. John Port Joli to Campbellton and Bathurst for carving workshops and demonstrations. Thirty carvers have organized the Northeast Wood Carvers Association. Could Bathurst become the St. Jean Port Joli of New Brunswick? Father Boudreau thinks it can.

teacher asked me to coach table tennis seven years ago, I didn't know a thing about it....It's a very, very fast game with lots of spin on the ball. You get a good workout in a set." Players need a good 20 feet on either end of the table to keep up with the ball. McCarty's protégés include Mike Ryan, Kathy Wells and Denise Perry. Like all good students, they soon outstrip their teacher. "Denise beats me," McCarty says. "Mike and Kathy I can't get close to."

Newfoundland and Quebec haven't always seen eye to eye on things. But they've struck a successful partnership in Free Beer, a music and comedy team that's been playing to jammed-to-the-walls crowds all over Newfoundland and Labrador. Free Beer consists of **Kevin Blackmore** from Gander and **Chris Elliott** from Montreal. Their act includes songs, skits and jokes. They've appeared on the national TV news (with Premier Brian Peckford playing spoons), given the Newfoundland Symphony a lesson on performing the province's folksongs and just finished recording two songs for an upcoming album. This fall Free Beer hits the road for a tour of Atlantic universities. They'll also be doing more television. Rubber-faced Blackmore is the musical driving force while the skinny Elliott (who claims to have been kidnapped 10 years ago by a roving band of Newfoundland housewives and brought to civilization) plays with words. Together, they break bar sales records and keep people in the bays and towns yukking it up. "Comedy is what keeps people alive," Blackmore says. "But really," Elliott adds, "comedy's just a joke."

McPherson: Psychiatry for the masses?

At 15, he ranked fourth in his Saint John High School graduating class. At 21, he was CBC Radio's youngest-ever national producer. Now, at 31, fresh from heading 65 psychiatric residents at New York's Bellevue Hospital, **David McPherson** has been named chief of emergency psychiatric services at Montreal General Hospital. He worked his way into radio as an undergraduate at Montreal's McGill University, then went to Toronto as producer of the *Ideas* series: "There was some question of whether they could sign me; it was just before I turned 21." Programs on medicine gave him the idea he'd like to be a doctor, so after two years he returned to McGill and went on to study psychiatry. McPherson spent the past four years as a resident at Manhattan's storied, sometimes dangerous Bellevue but he was only attacked once. "I told this guy he wasn't sick enough to be

Ask **Bob McCarty** why kids at Springdale's Grant Collegiate High School are such crackerjack table-tennis players and he says, "They practise a lot." But the Newfoundland players, who haven't lost a match in three years and have been trekking across Canada in search of more championships, say it's because McCarty is such a good coach. "I just made sure tables were available for them to play more often," says the Arkansas-born school librarian. He persuaded the principal to move four banks of lockers so he could keep tables set up in the hallway. There's so much interest in table tennis now that McCarty had to give up his first love, basketball. He says, "When the phys-ed



Elliott, Blackmore: Comedy's a joke



"It's the influence of the sea that east coast Canadians will understand best"

Here's the *real* Portugal

In certain sea-going respects, no country in continental Europe has so much in common with the Maritimes and Newfoundland. But to find the real Portugal—it's also a pretty cheap Portugal—don't follow the herd to Lisbon and the hot charms of the Algarve. Go north, and breathe in ancient history.

By Harry Bruce

They call her *The Miragaia*. She's a crack express train, and at 9:46 one blazing April morn, she glides from the small, elegant, Victorian-Moorish station called Santa Apolonia and past the heavy trees and blossoms, pink stucco and red rooftops of beautiful downtown Lisbon. She picks up speed. By 10:15 she's zooming beside Vila Franca de Xira, the bull-fight capital of all Portugal and, out on the steaming plains in the east, we can see sullen herds of those mean, black beasts. By 11 we're plunging through the huge, feathery pine forest that a conservation-minded King Dinis planted seven centuries ago, and as the sun filters through the needles, it dances on our speeding windows. Then, *The Miragaia* whistles by Coimbra—its famous university has been in business a mere 690 years—and on toward Aveiro. Aveiro's close to the Atlantic Ocean and has so many canals that tourism promoters can't decide whether to call it the Venice of Portugal or

Portugal's own little Holland.

Meanwhile we're talking. We are six Canadians and a Portuguese gent who wears cravats, speaks fluent English and, wherever he goes in his amazing little nation, can spout the relevant history and order precisely the right wine. The chairs in our coach are plush, olive-colored. They face one another across the carpeted aisle, encouraging talk rather than sight-seeing.

I smoke a bit, sip a cold Portuguese beer (*Sagres*), and listen to the Portuguese gent toss off old and beloved stories about sweet miracles, bloody battles, good kings and bad Spaniards. Portugal's connection with England, he says, goes back to the 1100s, "to the very birth of our nation," and he expertly skips through the highlights of eight centuries of rare international friendship. "Just over there," he says, pointing east, "is Bussaco. That's where the Duke of Wellington outfoxed one of Napoleon's generals in 1810. They say the Frenchman's mistress taunted

him into attacking at the wrong time. Anyway, it was a gory battle. I think Wellington may be a bigger hero in Portugal than he is in England."

The Miragaia dives further north. At noon, we all file into the dining car, and manage to reach our tables without falling in anyone's soup. "Do you know," the Portuguese gent continues, "England and Portugal swore to be friends to friends and foes to foes in 1373? And in the Second World War, Winston Churchill quoted that same treaty in the Commons. Britain wanted us to give them the use of the Azores as a base to fight Nazi U-boats, and even though the Nazis were at our back door, we told the British yes. We honored that treaty. It was almost 600 years old. Isn't that something?"

Thick linen...heavy silverware...slick, pleasant service...rocketing through a strange, bright countryside. Some wine perhaps? How about a little of Portugal's unique and uniquely refreshing *vinho verde* (green wine). It's really more white than green but

it's made from young grapes, much as the Romans made it on the nearby slopes around the time of Christ, and it matures quickly. Ah, yes, excellent.

The *caldo verde* is excellent, too. It's the national soup of Portugal, a steamy brew of shredded kale in potato broth that hides a sunken chunk of dried, smoked sausage. After that, cold, marinated river fish. Then, roast veal, green beans, heaps of rice, and this time how about red wine? And *crème caramel*. Black coffee, thick as syrup. And since it's our first day in Portugal, surely we should top off this exquisite, 70-mph meal with a fruity port or, in my case, a solid local brandy. But of course!

"Yes," our friend continues, "it's hard to believe but it's true. We were a nation of fewer than two million people, and we dominated the world. In the 1500s, the Portuguese Empire spread to South America, Africa, India, all over the Far East. Do you know, to this day certain Portuguese words are part of the Japanese tongue.... Yes, and now we are approaching Oporto, birthplace of Prince Henry the Navigator; and the valley of the River Douro, birthplace really of all Portugal."

We thunder past elegant yellow houses with red, tile roofs and between them, we get glimpses of the blue Atlantic tumbling home to golden sand. But *The Miragaia* must be a few minutes late. She's going faster and faster and, just as we rise to leave the **Laundry at Oporto: A scenic wonder**

dining car, she throws one passenger on the floor (he's OK), and sends the rest of us staggering after something to hang on to. A trayful of liqueur glasses topples, falls, explodes. The waiters laugh at the chaos and then, all at once, we're shooting through the sky on one of Oporto's three famous bridges; and way below, we can see the river beach where Wellington's troops waded in during a sneak attack on French warships in 1809; and look, over there, that's the bridge of "Brussels Lace" that A.G. Eiffel built long before he created the Eiffel Tower; and up ahead, Oporto itself.

The sun is so benign today the river glitters and, in the distance, Oporto almost sparkles. But not quite. It's a damp, grey, tough, grubby, sober, hard-working, unlovely and decidedly northern city of more than 300,000 people. Our Portuguese friend, who grew up in the relative paradise of sunny Madeira, studied here in his youth and detested the place. As far back as Roman times, it's been failing to impress visitors. The Romans saw this river-mouth settlement as part of "an unpleasant and warlike province," and the Portuguese have long characterized their major cities in these terms: "Coimbra sings, Braga prays, Lisbon shows off, and Oporto works." Dull. And yet...

Oporto reeks of history. It has seen invaders come and go, not merely for centuries but for millennia. Romans, Goths, Turks, Moors, Spanish, French.

PHOTOS BY HARRY BRUCE



Every day has its own cod recipe

It has suffered sieges, rebellions, bloody reprisals, Church oppression, gouging landlords. When Lisbon was merely a Moorish outpost, Oporto was already a big seaport that thrived on trade in fish, salt and wine. Commercially and



Travel

industrially, it's still Number One in Portugal but, for North Americans, it has something else going for it: The air of someone who's seen it all and, if you're patient, may deign to tell you something fascinating. Oporto, I decide, is the best place to start seeing northern Portugal; and a fine, old way to get there from Lisbon is aboard *The Miragaia*. Our first-class tickets were \$15 each. That fabulous lunch, including wine and spirits, cost roughly \$12 per enchanted Canadian.

Maritime pines—emerald by the blue sea—stand like soldiers behind the beaches near Oporto, and the wind arranges the sand in sumptuous, tufted dunes like those in the national parks of Prince Edward Island and western Newfoundland. If you stand on a dune and stare at the corrugated horizon, you are looking toward the shores of home, and this may give you the odd feeling that, although the North Atlantic is undoubtedly massive, it's also a socially intimate pond. Our fishing vessels have been sharing the banks off our shores with *their* fishing vessels for centuries and, as any Newfoundlander can tell you, Portuguese fishermen have been a colorful part of the waterfront life of St. John's for generations past.

Both Atlantic Canadians and the Portuguese know, the hard way, that if the sea giveth it also taketh away. The sea has killed at least 600 Lunenburg men; and at Nazaré on Portugal's west coast, where the fishermen wear tartan shirts, village women have stood on the beach in their shawls and watched helplessly while the murderous swell on a barrier reef swallowed up whole boatloads of their menfolk. An old Portuguese axiom: "The fisherman's fate—and this is the truth—is always to work just above his tomb."

But an Atlantic Canadian wouldn't have to be a fisherman to feel unexpectedly at home in northern Portugal. The north is conservative. It reveres business success and, more than other parts of Portugal, distrusts leftists. "Its people," one historian says, "are pious, sentimental, industrious, and prolific," which is not a bad description of many Maritimers and Newfoundlanders. Some mountain men of northern Portugal even play instruments that look and sound suspiciously like bagpipes and, all over the north, you see gorgeously groomed, jersey-colored oxen with wide-spread horns and big, soft eyes. With respect to the pride taken in looking after these gentle beasts, their owners are like the owners of the last of the Nova Scotia oxen. (The Por-

tuguese feed their animals. I saw none of those tottering cats and staggering dogs that often sadden North Americans in Mediterranean countries.)

Still, it's the influence of the sea that east coast Canadians will understand best. There, as here, Atlantic winds moderate the temperatures even inland, and bring rain. There, as here, most people huddle close to the Atlantic Ocean. There, as here, the most important frontier has always been that same old ocean. Portugal, hemmed in by Spain, is the westernmost part of continental Europe. Atlantic Canada, hemmed in by formidable geography, is the easternmost part of North America. For both, in war and peace, the most glorious history has been sea-going history.

Salt fish in Portugal offers Atlantic Canadians the delicious travel sensation of finding the familiar in a foreign setting. Vila do Conde, a town north of Oporto on the coastal road to Spain, boasts not only the beautiful tombs in the massive convent of Santa Clara; not only a 400-year-old, Italian-designed aqueduct with 999 arches; not only a school that graduates superb lace makers; but also men who build wooden vessels to fish off Newfoundland. And salt cod drying in the sun.

If Portugal has a national dish, it's salt cod or *bacalhau* (pronounced roughly like this: Beck-ell-yow). Restaurants serve it fried with onions and potatoes, then cooked in beaten eggs; or baked in layers, separated by sliced, fried potatoes, and then topped with bread-crumbs and cheese; or mixed with cabbage, sprouts, turnips, onions, potatoes and a hard-boiled egg, and covered in olive oil with crushed garlic and vinegar; or, indeed, in any of 362 other ways. Just as the people of Mahone Bay claim there's a Mahone Bay island for every day of the year, the Portuguese claim they have a different way to serve salt cod for every day of the year. You can even get cocktail tidbits that look like Cheesies but taste like salt cod.

One night, I had chunks of *bacalhau* with chopped onion, green pepper, bits of egg and olives, all whipped up in mashed potatoes. Another time, the

restaurant just barbecued a slab over charcoal, doused it in olive oil, and served it with new potatoes, vinegar, raw onions and chopped garlic. (This delightful but fragrant dish made me curiously unpopular with my travelling companions.) Atlantic Canadians who still think of salt fish as the last resort of the poor should know that, in Portugal, the demand is so fierce there's now a flourishing *bacalhau* black market, complete with smuggling rings and cod-running boats.

Portuguese eateries also offer a heady variety of fresh fish but I'm afraid it includes seafood that, at home anyway, most Atlantic Canadians wouldn't touch with a stick. I'm thinking of octopus and lamprey eels. Lampreys look like an alcoholic's nightmare, but they're such a delicacy that Portuguese gourmets in the south drive north for them alone. (The creatures are extremely vulnerable to pollution, and northern Portugal has two of the



A far-north fair. The people look after their animals

last rivers in Europe that are still so clean lampreys thrive in them.)

In one restaurant, our Portuguese friend expertly demolished a plate of regular eels (as opposed to lampreys) by holding each one at head and tail and twirling it in his teeth till the tiny spine-bone came clean. Then, he downed an order of roast kid. It's like lamb, only more gamey and, somehow, more delicate as well. After that, he asked for the head of a bream. Sorry sir, no bream today. How about the head of a hake? Fine. It was pale purple, slimy, with little teeth, big lips, plum-sized eyes. A gargoyle of a fish-head, it covered the whole dinner plate. The Portuguese gent skewered an eye, offered it to me. I declined so he popped it in his own mouth. Within five minutes, he'd reduced the entire head to a neat pile of bones.

"That was *some* lunch," I said,

wondering why he and the other Portuguese trenchermen I'd seen were not fat drunks. (Portugal, he'd told me, consumes 127 litres of wine per year for each of its nine million citizens.)

"Ah, but you see I never eat desserts," he said proudly. "I never touch sweets at all. But you. This is your first visit. Come, try some. We have desserts called 'Nuns' Kisses' and 'Nuns' Tum-mies,' and 'Nuns' Breasts.' Also, 'Heavenly Ham.' " These are mostly blobs of sweetness, halfway between a candy and a little wet cake, and for dessert-lovers they are indeed heavenly.

Not counting continental breakfasts, I ate a dozen meals in northern Portugal. Most were good, a couple superb, none painfully expensive. Our meal in Lamego was typical. It's the town where Alfonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, was crowned in 1143. We stayed at Hotel Parque (\$12 a night, single), a former monastery

of a fish with black olives for eyes, a main course of duck, hare or veal with vegetables, *crème caramel*, cheese with quince jelly, two bottles of champagne, four bottles of red wine, coffee and, to punctuate the feast, port or brandy.


Most people, when they consider travelling in Portugal, think only of Lisbon and the hot, Moorish charms of the south coast. That alone is good reason to head north; you won't be one more foot soldier in tourism's armies of invasion. Moreover, if you want to feel history creep into your bones, like the dank air in the catacombs of a crumbling castle, it's the north you should aim for. There, you can smell a long, turbulent past, and the amazing complexity of human achievement, sacrifice, intrigue and violence. You can smell them the way you can smell the fruity fermentation among tens of thousands of huge oaken barrels in the

cockerel you see everywhere, even its national symbol of good luck. Even the nation's very name. The ancient towns of Portus (Oporto) and Cale were at the river mouth, and the district became "Portucale." For crafts, folklore, singing, dancing, traditional costumes and gigantic agricultural fairs, the north remains the richest part of a culturally rich nation. Moreover, though the scenery is rarely spectacular, it is marvellously varied. Along with the pretty castles and elegant mansions of the wine estates, all dozing in a golden haze, the landscapes are why one writer calls the north a region of "dreamy, remote enchantment."

On a sunny day in Oporto, one scenic wonder is simply laundry. Shirts, socks, underwear, pillowslips, sheets, whole bedspreads, dresses, blouses, dishcloths, towels, curtains, even rugs. If it's made of cloth, it's dangling out somebody's window and down the side of a grey building in downtown Oporto. Indeed, the laundry may well be the most colorful fact in a sometimes drizzle-ridden city and, all by itself, amounts to a festival of spring.

Far upriver, winter is colder—Portugal, incidentally, has ski clubs, wolves and wildcats—and summer turns the valley into an insufferable hothouse. The time to go inland is spring, or autumn. "Here, all is rock, gorge, almost inaccessible mountain precipice and torrent," a wine historian wrote in the 19th century, "while over all or along all these rude features of Nature are drawn countless lines of stone walls by which man makes or supports the soil in which the vines find their subsistence.... This Alto Douro vineyard must be termed the vineyard of Hercules." Tough slugging. It's still like that.

With craggy granite peaks in the misty distance and yellow furze blazing among the low stone fences, parts of the north remind travellers of Western Ireland. Hairy eucalyptus and alpine evergreen arouse fleeting memories of California. The terraced bush-vines on the steep banks of the Douro make some think of the Rhine, and the Atlantic beaches are like those on the southwest coast of France.

My own comparisons were closer to home. The weather was mostly sunny but late one afternoon I strolled among towering trees in what I'd previously regarded as a peculiarly Nova Scotian mist: The kind that before you know it, has soaked you to the skin. The Portuguese call this "fool's rain," and I was the fool. The happy fool. In that strange, hushed, dripping forest, I knew I was deep inside what many of the Portuguese themselves call the *real* Portugal. The north country. 



May Day celebrations: Bagpipes, too!

that's next door to the magnificent baroque church, Nossa Senhora dos Remediós. Stone stairs, ornamented by religious scenes in the unfading blue-and-white tile you see all over the north, lead up to the church, and each September for a couple of centuries now, hordes of pilgrims have climbed them. All 470 of them. Anyway, not far from the foot of these stairs, there's a hole-in-the-wall called Restaurant Mina.

The young proprietor led us to a back room and, since the night was clammy, seated us near a crackling fire. Behind us a narrow tunnel of wine bottles plunged 30 feet into rock, and somehow, wisps of smoke from the fire leaked through the walls and drifted around in the tunnel but not in the dining room. Here's what eight of us got for \$81: Tidbits of smoked local ham, soup, rice moulded in the shape



Serenity on Spanish border

dark and cavernous cellars of the great port-wine lodges just across the River Douro from Oporto.

At the river's edge, a couple of the port companies still maintain *barcos rabelos*. They're high-prowed sailing barges in which river-wise sailors once hurtled down the Douro with barrels of port. The wine comes downriver now in stainless-steel tanker-trucks but—like the castles, mighty monasteries, Roman ruins, garish palaces and brooding 10th-century walls that all seem as common here as abandoned farms on the back roads of the Maritimes—the survival of the *rabelos* is a tribute to northern Portugal's pride in its past.

The north gave Portugal its first king; its first real assembly of noblemen, clergy and village leaders; its first great explorer, Henry the Navigator; its very language; and, in that perky

PHOTOS BY HARRY BRUCE

Fabulous food in old St. John's

In a renovated building, two Memorial University professors create dishes that dazzle—and draw crowds without even advertising

Barbara Russell and John Pickavance are such good cooks their friends used to ask them to cater dinner parties. Now, even strangers can eat their wonderful meals at 290 Duckworth Street in downtown St. John's. It's a grand, old four-storey home Russell bought four years ago "with the idea of doing something." In its shabby apartments, she saw the makings of a restaurant. Neither Russell nor Pickavance knew anything about running a restaurant and both were busy Memorial University professors (Pickavance is a biologist, Russell

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS



"Technique cooks"

teaches communications at the business school). But, drawing on a renovation business they already had on the go, the tireless pair spent 18 months fixing up the building. Top-notch carpenters, they even built tables and chairs for 35. "290" opened early this year, and—without a single line of advertising and not even a proper sign out front until July—it's been a big success.

"We could get up the nerve to open because there is nothing even half as good around," Pickavance says. But the risk of the venture kept them from training other cooks at first. For a few hectic weeks, they did it all themselves. Now they have a third business partner, Roy Perry, and 18 people on staff, including three cooks, a manager and a full-time "gopher" who, in great restaurant tradition, runs all over town and beyond to fill the larders with the freshest ingredients. One of the cooks, trained under his employers' rigorous program, calls Pickavance a "genius" and a "perfectionist" when it comes to food. "And Barb, nobody makes desserts like Barb."

"Pick taught me and he's self-taught," Russell says. They call themselves "technique cooks" because they have a varied repertoire of cooking methods they call on to prepare the best ingredients they can get. Summer—with its steady supply of fresh salmon, mountains of shellfish,

crisp vegetables—is glorious. Winter means more work. The menu is a single handwritten photocopied sheet which changes daily. The cooks, and the customers, never get bored.

Gravlax

(Scandinavian pickled salmon)

- 1 fresh salmon, about 10 lbs.
- 6 tbsp. coarse salt
- 6 tbsp. sugar
- 2 tbsp. crushed peppercorns
- 3 tbsp. fresh dill
- 4 tbsp. cognac

Fillet and trim salmon, leaving skin intact. You will end up with two 2½-3 lb. fillets. Mix and sprinkle next 4 ingredients over fillets, rubbing in well. Sprinkle cognac over salmon. Wrap fillets individually in tight foil packages making sure that juice is sealed inside. Weight packages and store in refrigerator for at least 4 days to marinate, turning the packages over once a day. When ready to serve, unwrap packages and slice salmon very thinly and diagonally as you would smoked salmon. Serve with mustard sauce.

Mustard Sauce

- 1 cup freshly prepared mustard
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ cup cider vinegar
- 1-1/3 cups oil
- 12 tbsp. chopped fresh dill

Whisk together until thoroughly emulsified. Refrigerate.

Paupiettes of Sole

(Sole fillets stuffed with salmon mousse)

- 3 lbs. sole fillets
- 1¼ lbs. raw, boned salmon
- 2 egg whites
- 2 cups cream
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. freshly ground white pepper
- ¼ cup fresh dill or, if unavailable, chopped parsley

Trim fillets so that you end up with 12 firm well-shaped strips. Put raw salmon through food processor or beat with a wooden spoon until finely pureed. Add egg whites and continue to beat. Add next 4 ingredients and mix thoroughly. Place sole fillets skin side up, fill with salmon mixture, roll

up and secure with toothpicks. Poach very gently in fish stock for 12-15 minutes depending on size of rolls. Serve with seafood sauce. Serves 6.

Seafood Sauce

- 4 cups good fish stock, reduced to half by boiling
- 4 cups wine, reduced to half by boiling
- ½ cup flour
- ½ cup butter
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup fresh cream
- chopped roe from a cooked lobster
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. freshly ground white pepper
- ½ tsp. freshly ground nutmeg
- 1 lb. raw scallops, quartered
- meat from 1 cooked lobster

Make a roux from the flour cooked in butter, add wine/stock mixture slowly. Stir and cook over low heat until smooth and thick. Add next 6 ingredients. Just before serving, add scallops and lobster meat. Heat for three minutes in the sauce.

Fresh Fruit Tarts

Prepare individual pie shells using any good *pâte sucrée* recipe and bake. Glaze during baking with egg yolk and cream. Cool shells, fill with layer of *crème patissière* (recipe follows) and pitted fresh cherries, sliced strawberries, bananas or peach halves. Brush fruit with apricot glaze made by thinning apricot jam with apricot liqueur and straining mixture. Keep refrigerated until ready to serve.

Crème Patissière

- 8 oz. milk
- 1 3-inch vanilla bean or 1 tsp. pure vanilla extract
- 4 tbsp. flour
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 whole egg
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup Grand Marnier

Put milk and vanilla bean in pan. Scald milk, remove bean. (If you are using pure vanilla extract, add to cooked *crème* instead.) Cream together next 4 ingredients. Add a little hot milk to mixture and return to milk in pan. Cook very gently, stirring constantly until smooth and as thick as mayonnaise. Add Grand Marnier and whisk. Yields approximately 1 cup. ☒



Literature

She's a near-mystic lover of the sea and an internationally successful chronicler of marine disasters. Her books record agony and death in the waters off Newfoundland, waters she looks to as her source of "healing energy." She is

the unsinkable Cassie Brown

By Amy Zierler

In the back of her car, Cassie Brown keeps two small cushions. Smooth grey rocks, reminders of another trip to Topsail Beach, rattle around my feet up front. We're headed now for the beach, just few minutes' drive from where she lives on the fast-eroding outskirts of St. John's. Fresh tar on the highway slows us down and, creeping along, we can almost hear the city nibbling away at the trees. But Topsail Beach is blissfully far away from the smell of tar and traffic. We sit on the cushions on the smooth grey rocks with our knees pulled up to our chests against a chill morning breeze. Conception Bay is quiet, soothing and for several hours, as she talks about herself, her books and her love for the sea, Cassie Brown rarely takes her eyes off it.

"I really feel," she says, lingering over each syllable, pumping the words full of emotion, "I really feel whole when I can sit by the sea." She comes here every couple of days at least, and when she can't make it she plays tape recordings of other visits. "Any time you are a little tense or the pressures are getting to you and you want to relax, put on the tape of the sea. It's



PHOTOS BY DAVE NICHOLS

She calls herself "a sympathetic writer"

marvellous." Brown's love for the sea isn't the simple pleasure of a vacationer. The sea is her tonic, her refuge. The joy it brings her is rich, passionate, religious. "I *am* the sea, in a way," she says.

This gentle, spiritual white-haired woman who draws her strength from the sea is a chronicler of maritime disaster. She has spent the last 14 years

reconstructing in fine detail three of this century's most enormous sacrifices of human life to the unquenchable waters off Newfoundland. She piles her books, her notes and her thoughts into the car and comes to sit by the sea, for its "healing energy," and resurrects on paper, scenes of incredible agony, struggle and death. But Cassie Brown doesn't see an ounce of contradiction in that, nor does she feel uncomfortable about asking survivors to tell her about their terrible ordeals.

"To me, it should not be painful, it should be a wonderful, triumphant experience that they had met adversity and had overcome, and here they are today," she says, her voice rising. "They have survived something almost humanly impossible. This is something not morbid and not depressing. It's something to rejoice about. This is what I see, this is what excites me about it—the overcoming."

But, I protest, in each of her grim histories the loss and the pain fall, finally, in the lap of human error, pettiness, greed. That makes me sad.

"Did you ever make a mistake?" she asks tolerantly.

"Oh all the time," I say, feeling a little silly.



Children are her favorite audience: "They look at you and...they're so innocent...so beautiful"

"Exactly." She smiles. "Do you find it terribly depressing that you make mistakes?"

She's got me now. "Well, no, but thank goodness I've never made one which affected so many people."

"Yes, 'There but for the grace of God...' You see?"

Cassie Brown describes herself as a sympathetic writer: She tries to put herself in the place of each player to understand why he did what he did. "I don't look for villains," she says. It's not hard to see why so many of the aging survivors she tracks down are willing to drag up their most horrible memories for her. They know she will treat them with respect.

Brown's first book was her biggest success. *Death on the Ice*, the dark tale of how more than 100 Newfoundland sealers were left to freeze to death on the spring ice of 1914, has become a kind of instant classic in Newfoundland. Since its publication in 1972, it has sold nearly 100,000 copies. *Reader's Digest* serialized it and sent it around the world, an Argentinian counterpart has picked up the rights for Spanish-language distribution, and a string of film-makers are interested in making a movie of it. Her next two books rang up substantial if lesser sales. *A Winter's Tale* reconstructs the wreck of the luxury steamship *Florizel* on a voyage from St. John's to Halifax in 1918. In *Standing into Danger*, published last year, Brown investigates how three American warships on their way to Argentina in 1942 ran aground at the entrance of Placentia Bay, killing 203 sailors, and how the people of Lawn and St. Lawrence helped save the 186 who made it ashore alive. Each book is equal parts painstaking research and vivid storytelling, and Brown doesn't conceal her pride in the results.

"I wrote three books about the sea, and other than the fact that I have a great love for the sea and know that I understand the sea, I still knew nothing about ships, the men who ran the ships, navigation or anything. But I had to do it, and therefore I did it." When it came to dramatizing the events, Brown says, she stayed true to the details but relied on her intuition to make them live. "When I was writing *A Winter's Tale*, I would go to bed and say, 'I want to be on the deck of the *Florizel* at the height of the storm. I want to be there.' And the next day, a picture would be in my mind. It was just like I was looking at a play on a stage."

Brown's books, especially *Death on the Ice*, are widely read in Newfoundland schools, and when the visiting artists' program brings her to lecture—in the crisp, deliberate voice she

doggedly cleared of its outport accent in the bad, old boarding school days when a dropped *h* was a matter of lost pride—the students are spellbound. She's an avid actress, a grand storyteller, and her rewards are a performer's. "They look at you and the eyes, you know, they're so perfect and candid and they're so ready to absorb what you are saying. And they're so innocent, and they're so receptive and they're so beautiful. I could drown in them."

"Fate, the weaver," Brown begins *A Winter's Tale*, "selected with infinite patience and delicacy a thread here, a thread there, uniting the various strands of life into a pattern of disaster. One hundred and thirty-eight souls would be tried and tested by the terrible destiny that awaited them."

She doesn't invoke fate only as a dramatic device. She believes in it, with a faith bordering on the supernatural. "I was all set to write fiction," she says, "but I feel that, really, I had no choice but to write these books."

Growing up in tiny Rose Blanche on the southwest coast (accessible at that time only by boat) with a merchant father and schoolteacher mother who preached "children should be seen and not heard," Cassie took to writing to vent her joys and angers. Later on she wrote plays for the CBC, stories for the school broadcasts, worked seven years with the St. John's *Daily News*. Back in the early Fifties, while flipping through Joey Smallwood's encyclopedic *Book of Newfoundland* in search of stories for the school broadcasts, she came across a few paragraphs on the 1914 sealing disaster.

"From then on, it was like I was pushed in that direction," she says. "I feel, and this may sound a little strange, I feel these men had chosen me to write their story." When her mother died in 1965, Cassie quit the *Daily News* to look after Karwood, the 30 acres of trees, flowers and tourist cabins her mother established after her husband had died. Now she could give the sealers' story the two or three years' study it required.

The arrangement works just fine. A sign in the Karwood office announces there is a "writer in residence" and offers autographed copies of her books. Brown lives at Karwood with her husband, a sister, a brother and whatever other family happens to be around. She immerses herself in her demanding, grisly tales, working in various corners of the spacious main house at Karwood or in her car at Topsail Beach. She's got a draft of a novel tucked away somewhere, but the last time she took it out and read it, "it was like an iron gate clamped down all around me. 'This is not the time,' it said to me, so I


put it away." The story of the torpedoing of the Cabot Strait ferry *Caribou* during the Second World War looks like it will be her next project, but the pieces aren't falling together yet, so she'll take a break for a few months. "When the pressure starts coming at me to get going and the people start coming forward, then that's the time for me to move."

The beach is lovely, tranquilizing, but somehow I find all this talk about fate and destiny unconvincing. It puts me on edge. Predetermination implies weakness to me, but this woman is too tough to surrender to something she can't even see. As if she can read my thoughts, she begins to correct me. Cassie Brown is tough, she has taken her life into her own hands. Her sense of purpose has nothing at all to do with surrender.

"I always resented not being allowed to think for myself when I was young," she says. "When I finally broke free, it was a wonderful experience. It was like being born again." Marriage, and leaving home, cleared the way. "When I got married, I had decided I was going to be the best wife, the best mother, the best knitter, the best sewer, the best at bottling jams, everything," she says. "Then I discovered I didn't like bottling things, I didn't like sewing, I didn't like knitting." Instead of following her husband on his hiking holidays, she decided to stay home and just relax. When their two children were in school, she decided it was all right to fill her days with work at the *Daily News*. She bought herself a car. This, after growing up in a time and place where women, like children, were to be seen and not heard. "I thought I would conform and be what a wife is supposed to be," she says, "but no, no, it wasn't for me."

Actually, Brown had been doing her own thinking all along. She just didn't feel free to express it. Church, for instance—she hated it back in Rose Blanche: It was so confining, so unlike the world she believed in, especially when the cruel, frightening schoolmaster would fill in for the minister who was off serving other outposts.

"It really put me right out of joint with church," she says a little sadly. "I didn't relate to it at all the way I relate to this." She looks back at the sea. "I don't believe in hellfire and damnation. I don't believe in any of that stuff. I believe you are what you are, and you are your own heaven and your own hell."

Right on cue, the sun comes out and washes the bay in an approving light. Spend enough time with this woman, and you could come to believe it was meant to be. 



"Fall Multiple One"—Suddenly people are interested

Neil Chodorow: The abstract art of a loner

East coast gallery owners, even other artists don't understand his work. He doesn't understand the games they play. He just keeps producing paintings that are "all Chodorow"

By Marian Bruce

Neil Chodorow figures he isn't exactly the darling of the Maritime art establishment, so his trip to the west coast last spring was like coming in out of the cold. Chodorow and his wife, Susan, had taken nine weeks off from work at their Emyvale, P.E.I., studios to peddle his abstract paintings. Five galleries in San Francisco and Los Angeles said they were interested in showing his work; in Vancouver, the Equinox Gallery started showing Chodorows in May.

"Suddenly, there are a lot of people here who are interested in my art," Chodorow says. "We were joking about that flying back home. That we were going to find, all of a sudden, people coming out of the woodwork saying, 'Gee, can we organize a show for you?' 'can I buy your work?' and so on. And that has happened."

It sounds like the case of the Maritime boy having to prove himself in the real world before he's recognized at home. Not quite, though. In the first place, Chodorow is an American, a transplanted New York artist who happens to live in a P.E.I. farming community. And he doesn't believe that this sudden surge of warmth will last. People who run galleries in the Maritimes, he says, don't like his work, don't understand it. "For me, it's very hard being an abstract painter in the Maritimes. There aren't many people who are comfortable with my work, who will even enter into looking at it seriously."

Chodorow is a warm, voluble 33-year-old who moved to the Island eight years ago, after quitting medical school to paint full-time. As a person,

he says, he's happy and productive and very much at home on the Island. As an artist, he feels isolated. He and Susan, who's also an abstract painter, live with their two-year-old son, Nicholas, and a part-Newfoundland dog on a hill at the end of a long, rutted lane. Chodorow built the house himself; its most prominent feature is a 16-foot-high studio that opens onto the front sundeck. Through the glass walls of the studio, there's a magnificent view of woods and green hills. Chodorow's canvases, with their geometric, translucent blocks of greens, blues and browns, seem to reflect the landscape; some people see his work as abstracted aerial photographs.

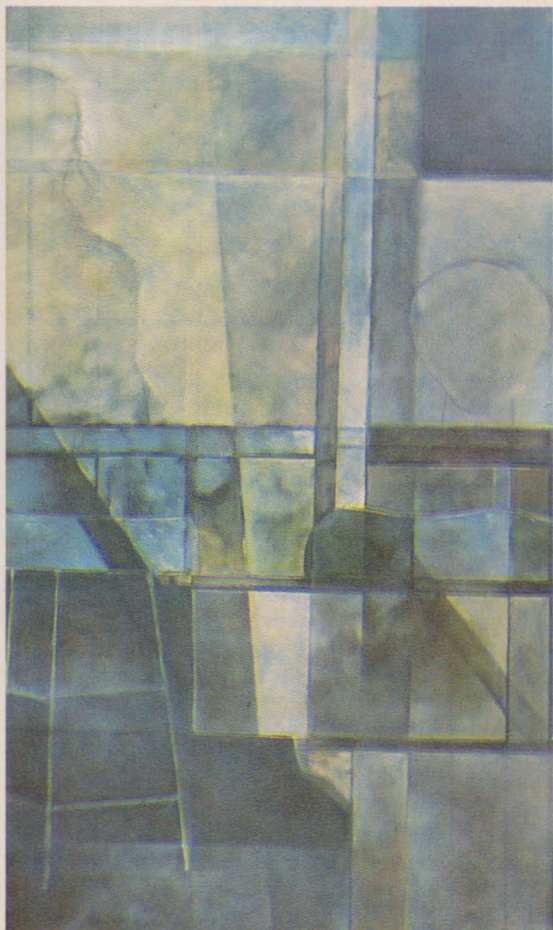
Chodorow says his paintings do have a quality that's superficially "Maritime"—the colors, the distinctive east coast light. On a deeper level, he says, his work is an outgrowth of New York painting.

He grew up in Roslyn, N.Y., in an upper-middle-class household. As a child, he took art lessons, but dropped painting in junior high when he discovered basketball. Later he became absorbed in his studies at Cornell University (he majored in Chinese studies) and in his students at a junior high school in Harlem, where he taught before going on to medical school. In his second year of medical school, Chodorow started painting again. He



Chodorow and house he built: His canvases reflect the landscape

PHOTOS BY RICHARD FUJIKONG



had just been divorced after a four-year marriage, and painting provided an emotional release. What really inspired him, though, was a research project involving electron micrographs of kidney tissue. "If you had blown up these slides and done them in oil paint, you would have assumed they were abstract expressionist paintings. They were so reminiscent of people such as Motherwell, Kline and Rothko in form as well as in content."

Chodorow's work continues to be influenced by biological shapes and textures, but his paintings are becoming more complex. "In my recent paintings, there is a much stronger sense of geometry, of edge, and of the subdivisions of the canvas, so that your eye moves around it. There's a syncopation that's built into the canvas. I've had people respond to my work this way. The more they look at it, the more they feel there's a musi-


Variation on Matisse's "Piano Lesson" (left), Untitled Chodorow #83 (below)



cal rhythm to it."

Mark Holton, curator of Confederation Centre's art gallery, describes Chodorow as "a very talented painter who has set a very definite goal for himself. In his early work you could see pieces of this artist and pieces of that artist. Now it has all come together and it's all Chodorow." Confederation Centre has a Chodorow in its permanent collection, as has the Standard Life Assurance Co. Chodorow's first exhibition was at Confederation Centre in 1976. Since then, he's had two shows at Charlottetown's Great George Street Gallery and has taken part in travelling shows, including one organized by the National Gallery of Canada. But he contends that local galleries show his work occasionally only because he's a local painter. They are obsessed, he says, with the notion that art produced in the Maritimes should reflect Maritime culture.

Chodorow spends little time with other Island artists. He considers it a waste of energy to get caught up in the role of the *artiste*, and when he's not painting, he's happy golfing with his best friend, a Hampshire general store owner, or working on his house, or visiting his farmer neighbors and discussing anything but art. "A lot of people we've met here who are artists are hell-bent on maintaining that sense of themselves and that sense of community which I find silly even in a sophisticated community. And for the most part, they're not people who are doing work I can care about or appreciate. That comes across, of course, as snobbery. But I'm not particularly enamored of or cowed by the New York scene, either."

In the past six months, Chodorow has been able to support his family through his paintings. Before that, he and Susan took turns working at part-time jobs. He was a janitor, a mail sorter and an ad salesman, and he's taken an auto mechanics course. Most of the paintings he has sold to Islanders, he says, went not to the "culture" people but to non-professionals who bought them on the instalment plan (he now gets up to \$550). Sometimes, he lends paintings to his neighbors to hang in their homes. And when he had his first exhibition, people who had never before set foot in Confederation Centre showed up for the opening. They were "excited" by his work, he says. And he feels very much in tune with his neighbors. "I don't live here because it's a particularly wonderful place to live as an artist," Chodorow remarks. "I live here because it's a wonderful place to live as Neil Chodorow." 

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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Watch TV for a living? No, no, anything but that

It's eight years since the editor of a now defunct weekly newspaper asked me to start writing a regular column. I thought about it very carefully. It seemed to me that a regular column should have a theme and, in those days, I considered it advisable, maybe even necessary, to pick a subject I knew something about. (Several years passed before I met a nationally syndicated newspaper columnist who told me he had picked his subject—a complex one—precisely because he knew nothing about it, that he thought knowing nothing about your subject was a columnist's greatest advantage and that the simplest way to become an expert was to declare yourself one.)

I had been working as a commentator and interviewer on radio and television and I figured I knew a little bit about broadcasting. I told the editor I'd write him a column about radio and television. He decided to call the column "Media." That is how I became an expert on media.

On the whole, it's been fun being an expert. Eventually I got fired by the weekly newspaper but, after an extremely short fling with another weekly, I was snapped up by CBC radio where I've been, quite happily, ever since. I watched a pretty fair amount of television—something I'd been doing anyway, since childhood—and listened to some radio.

I got put on mailing lists for media-related publications. At home in my downstairs workroom at this very minute are a CRTC-sponsored study on community cablevision and several announcements of new network television schedules, some of them enclosed in handsome loose-leaf binders for which I've always been intending to find another use.

I got asked to speak at meetings and deliver lectures, would you believe, and was brazen enough to do it.

I got phone calls and mail. Stars of programs I'd reviewed unfavorably rang up to complain. Viewers wrote me outrageously flattering fan letters which I sucked up like a vacuum cleaner. And, like a rhinestone cowgirl with a typewriter for a guitar, I even got requests. People came up to me at

parties and said why didn't I write something about this or that program because they'd love to hear what I thought.

If all this sounds rosy, it has been. However, there is this one thorn. Early in the game, I began to be conscious of how many people expressed amazement that I was able to force myself to watch that much television. All the while there was this funny expression on their faces, half fear, half pity, and a furtive look in their eyes, as if they partly expected me to do something unspeakable, like drool.

Then there was the Sydney Harris column. Harris is a widely syndicated newspaper writer. One day during the summer he wrote an article about a guy who'd just been hired by his newspaper to write television reviews.

Harris was full of compassionate concern. Here was a young man, in the prime of life, condemned to a progressive atrophy of the brain. No help for him, poor fellow. Night after night, day after day, in front of the screen, feeling one brain cell after another sputter, pop and go black like tiny burnt-out tubes. Harris only hoped the guy was getting well paid for his sacrifice, not that even a contract hammered out by Dan Rather's agent could be enough to compensate.

Well. For weeks after that column appeared, I couldn't get down the street without having someone ask if I'd read it. And again, I got that funny look. Do they see something I don't? I look in the mirror but so far I don't notice any signs. I mean, my tongue hasn't started to loll. My eyes look no more vacant than usual.

But let's face it: Eight years is eight years. And the process dates back much farther than that. All those hours of *Leave It to Beaver*. Those weeks of *Zorro*. With luck, I could have a few good years left. If not, I suppose it could happen any day. Does anyone know the capital outlay involved in buying an organ and a monkey? ☒



Opinion

Police auto chases sometimes kill kids

Is it really necessary to hurtle through the night at breakneck speed just to nab a teen-aged petty offender? Why not pick him up in the morning?

By Alden Nowlan

Early in the 1800s, according to legend, an 18-year-old Saint John, N.B., boy was hanged for the theft of a loaf of bread. Like most legends, this one is historically unsound but figuratively true. Actually, the boy was hanged for stealing a watch. Ah, those were the bad old days, you say. Before we congratulate ourselves on being less bloody minded than our ancestors, we ought to reflect that today an 18-year-old could, in effect, be put to death for passing in a no-passing zone. That is provided he failed to stop for the police, was pursued and, in the course of the pursuit, lost his life.

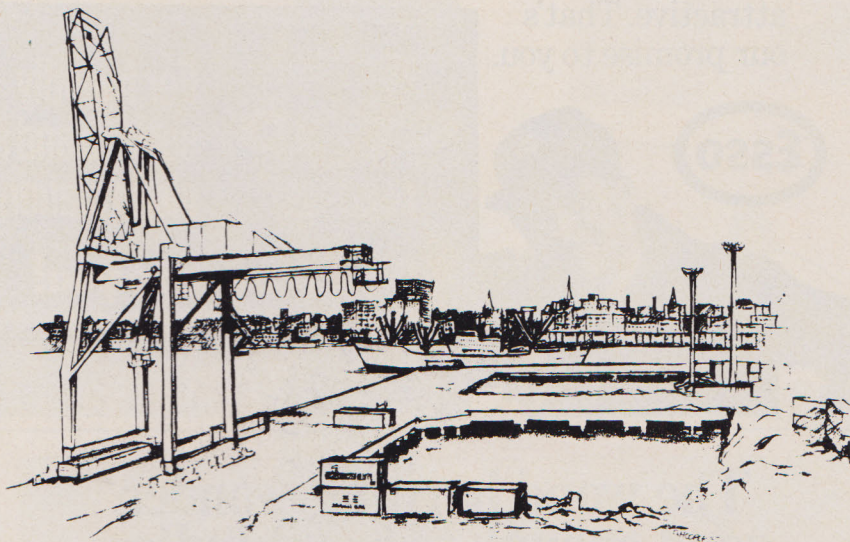
Policemen in general may not be chase-happy, but there is reason to suspect some of them have watched too many instalments of the *Dukes of Hazzard*. Earlier this year, the Quebec Provincial Police did, in fact, give chase to a car they suspected of passing in a no-passing zone. The driver was a cabbie from Campbellton, N.B., who had driven across the bridge to Cross Point, Que. Nobody was killed, but somebody could have been. There is a risk of somebody being killed every time there's a high-speed chase.

The victim could be the runaway driver. It could be a policeman. Or it could be just some poor sod who

happened to be in the way. You or me, for instance. Logically, pursuit at high speeds would be justified only when the risk to life would be at least as great if the quarry got away. Few people would be against pursuing a bank robber.

Sometimes, of course, the police

don't know what crimes the driver may have committed, other than running away. They could be going after a maniac armed with a machine-gun. But in real life, as distinct from *Starsky and Hutch*, that's very unlikely. In a recent New Brunswick case, a man who exceeded 140 kilometres an hour



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STEPHEN HOMER

Nowlan: Victim could be "you or me"

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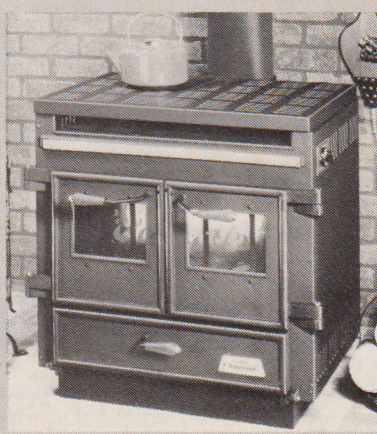
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Chatelaine



Opinion

in his efforts to evade his pursuers later explained that the reason he hadn't stopped was that he had no driver's licence.

I'm writing this because a 19-year-old Saint John boy was killed in a chase that began after he drove away from a self-service filling station without paying for \$12 worth of gasoline. This case is especially shocking because the boy died after crashing into a tractor-trailer set up by the police as a roadblock. He was said to be travelling at 160 kilometres an hour. Five police departments were involved. "My son should never have driven at that kind of speed," his father was quoted as saying, "but does that give them [the police] the right to play God?"

Some of the policemen who took part later admitted they had no idea why the boy was being chased. Three young New Brunswickers have been killed as a result of such chases in the past 12 months. A 19-year-old crashed into a bridge while being pursued by RCMP investigating a car theft. A 23-year-old struck a culvert while being pursued by Saint John city police and RCMP after a car was reported to have gone through a red light. (I cite examples from New Brunswick only because it is where I live.)

The fault doesn't rest entirely with the police. These young people wouldn't have died if they hadn't chosen to bolt. Their judgment was bad. But, surely, society has a right to expect better judgment from the police than from a hare-brained or frightened youth. I don't know what was going on in the minds of any of the drivers I've mentioned, but it's not hard to imagine a driver—young, rash and maybe drunk—running away from the police out of foolhardiness and fear.

Such a driver might be a menace even if nobody interfered with him. But he would certainly be less of a menace. What's the good of chasing a speeder if this makes him drive faster than ever? What sense is there in pursuing a driver who has gone through a red light if it means he'll be twice as likely to go through the next one? Is it really worth risking lives so that an arrest can be made today, instead of tomorrow? Once the police get his licence number, he's as good as in custody. They'll probably be able to identify the vehicle even if they don't get the licence number—and if he should get away scot-free, how much difference will it make?

Very little difference indeed if his only crime was passing in a no-passing zone, running a red light, or stealing \$12 worth of gasoline.

Historic Properties. Halifax Tour-Shop-Dine



Fiction



Homecoming

He hid the marijuana, but his father found it. Now, the old man had the plastic bag in his hand. He had called the Mounties, saying "I'm doing my duty." His own father. All that had been 12 years ago

By Veronica Ross

There is something dreadful and terrible about returning to a place you have dreamt about and finding it exactly the same. The town had not changed at all. It was raining and everything seemed grey and old and shabby and small. Driving down in the car, which he'd rented at the Halifax airport, he had pushed the town from

his mind. The new highway avoided those quaint little towns which would have pulled him in with their folksiness and memories. He might have been anywhere at all, Ontario, New York. His sister, Marion, had told him over the phone that she would pick him up at the airport, that it would be no trouble at all. "Don't bother," Jay had told her. "I'll rent a car at the airport—

I might want to do a little driving around there myself." *That* had put a little distance between them. Americans rented cars, businessmen, not brothers coming home.

She had called two nights ago. His father was dying, had had two strokes. She had not asked him to come; that was understood. He had not seen his father for 12 years, although his mother

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Fiction

had visited twice in Montreal. The fight, the reason for his leaving and not returning was not discussed. Of course, he had to go. His wife, Jeanie, had echoed this: "Your suit just came back from the cleaners." She meant, of course, his dark suit, suitable for funerals. He had stood by the phone, squeezing his eyes shut, glad of Marion's chattering after the first quavery words. Inexplicably, he had almost wept. They weren't emotional, his family, not given to bawling and

sobbing. "Your puritan legacy," Jeanie teased him. Later, in the bright apartment, his daughter Sarah had crawled onto Jeanie's lap. Two blonde heads together, etched almost sweetly against the bright cushions of the chesterfield. The white cups on the Swedish coffee table. Music. He did not want to go.

But here he was. And everything was the same. He had never been able to explain to Jeanie how such a small place could expand and become the universe, how you were bound by its

laws and rules, rules which shaped not only behavior but thought as well. Stepping into the airport, he vowed not to allow the old ethics to pull him in, not to succumb to the place. One week, he thought, one week and I'll be back at the airport again.

Remembering now: You do not walk down the railway tracks. Respectable people did not walk the track. The winos did mostly, throwing Jordan Club empties into ditches. And: Women did not go into the liquor store; it was not proper. They did, however, enter liquor stores on trips away where no one from home would see them. "Those kind of people" were not taken seriously, although one did knit mittens for their children at Christmas. The tavern was for bums. Respectable people went to church and enrolled their children in Scouts.

But—oh God!—there was the house, his old home, white and straight and shuttered and lace-curtained. His father was dying. He would have to see him. He felt like weeping. Thank God for the rented car, the grey suit; he might almost be a stranger.

Quick images now, the house rising into him, the familiar smell of wax and old wood and old history. Mother: She seemed older, grey-blue hair, dressed up for company, dabbing at her eyes but smiling, smiling, smiling. Marion, his sister, a married woman now, slightly pregnant, sensible, hugging him and then standing away.

"So how are you?"

"Looking great—just marvellous."

"How were the roads? Dreadful, this rain."

Marion's reddish hair was now brown, her freckles were gone. His shoes were making puddles on the rug. He remembered: One took one's wet shoes off.

All this took just one minute. No one wept; the danger was over and there he was in the living room and his mother was gone to make coffee and Marion hid her face in the hall closet, where she was hanging his coat.

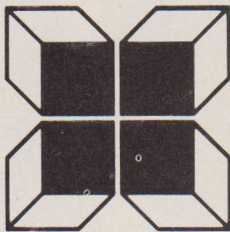
Had he really been away? The room was exactly the same, except for the chesterfield. There was this ship-in-a-bottle on the mantel; the small bookcase with the Dresden doll on top, the Persian rug and brown footstool and his father's guns in the cabinet he had made himself. He remembered: His mother had hated having them in this room. Once, having women in for tea, she had moved them into the dining room, but dragged them back before the old man came home.

Oh, Jeanie, Sarah!

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"We'll go up to see Dad later on, after supper," his mother told him. They were having coffee. "I've been spending the day with him, but I didn't this afternoon since you were coming."

"He's got Carroll there," Marion said, shifting her legs under her. Mother had brought china cups in on a little tray, but Marion was drinking from a mug. "Smoke, Jay?"

"You shouldn't be smoking, dear," her mother said gently.

Marion shrugged. "I've cut down a bit. And with Jay here and all! Have a smoke, Jay. Mom and Lewis, they're always at me about smoking. They think the baby'll be born with two heads or something."

He took it, although he did not usually smoke. Marion lit it for him and their eyes met.

"How's Carroll?" he asked, to say words in the silence.

"Oh him. You know him! Just the same."

"He's been going to the hospital every day, whenever he can get there," his mother said, as though there had never been animosity between her and Carroll. "He's still in the fish business and can't always get away. Sometimes he even comes during the day, if he has a moment." Which meant, Jay knew, he would come in with his green work clothes on, smelling of fish, that large, heavy man with his *ain't*'s and red nose and big ears. His father's only brother. Jay remembered him coming for supper, not being invited but just taking it for granted that he could eat with them, being family. They always ate in the dining room, with a white cloth on the table and inspections for hands and hair. On the nights when Carroll came, Mother would pull in her mouth but would, nevertheless, add an extra plate to the table. Carroll would, as he put it, "dig right in," elbows on the table. Sometimes he would make fun of the fancy desserts, saying, "Just a cup of tea for me. None of that fancy stuff for me." And then, the old man, brought up like Carroll on fish and stew, wouldn't want any either, although he did not dare go as far as Carroll did in his assessment of the food. Once, he'd commented on the old man's shirt and tie at the dinner table: "Je-sus Christ, think you was at some goddam saloon."

"We always dress for dinner," Mother had said.

"Je-sus old Christ," Carroll had answered, "it'd be a long week of bloody Sundays 'fore I'd let any woman tell me how to dress."

"We don't believe in living like peasants," mother had said. Which shut Carroll up.

Later, Jay had heard her say to his father, "I don't want Carroll talking



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like that to me before my children. I think you should speak to him about it."

But, of course, his father had not done any such thing and Carroll continued coming.

"I must see about supper," his mother said, getting up. "I think Carroll's going to be dropping in to see you, dear."

He and his sister were alone. On the phone she had told him that their father was unconscious and didn't know anyone or anything.

He *had* to ask.

"There's no change then?" he asked lightly.

"There's no hope at all," she said frankly; her tone of voice had changed. I won't go to the hospital, Jay thought suddenly. His sister looked at him then, profoundly shocking him. Her look said he was *guilty* of something.

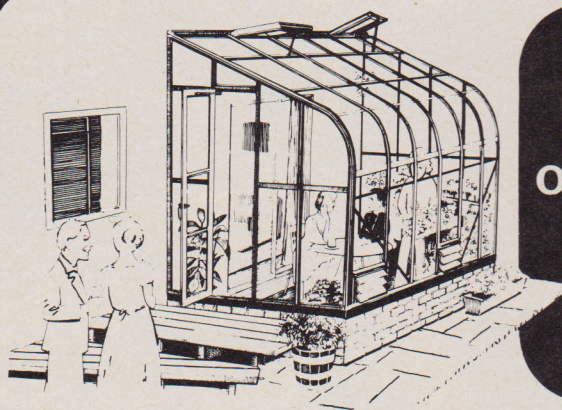
Carroll seemed older, thinner, his six-foot frame all bone. He wore an old-fashioned flannel shirt and grey trousers and what little remained of his dark hair had been slicked down with water. His eyes were red, as if he had been crying, which undoubtedly he had. Surprisingly, Mother did not seem annoyed, just tired. The exuberance of the afternoon was gone; she looked drawn and old, as if her face had fallen down. She had stayed in the kitchen when Carroll arrived and held Jay off at arm's length, repeating his name with a kind of wonder: "Jay, Jay, oh Jay boy, it sure is good to see you after all this time." Leave it to Carroll to say the unspeakable; everyone else was pretending that he had just left last year.

"Oh Jay boy, it's a sad sight to see. Him always so big and strong, never a sick day in his life, always smart he was, and now there he lays with his eyes closed and all them tubes and things goin' in and out. 'Davey,' I said—put my mouth right to his ear, 'it's me. Carroll. Just press my hand.' See, I heard somewheres that maybe they can't talk or nothing, but they can hear you and let you know somehow."

"He might recover," Lewis, Marion's husband, said now. "Sometimes they do, you know. Why, Andy Wilson—they said he was a goner, and what do you know, he's walking around fit as a fiddle now, not a thing wrong with him."

"He had a heart attack though," Marion reminded him, "not a stroke. And then he had that operation in Montreal."

Carroll: Who'd he marry? Murray Smith's daughter, wasn't it?



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Marion: Oh no, that's his brother. He was the one who married the Smith girl. Andy married Wendy MacDougal.

Carroll: Oh yes, I know now.

Marion (to Jay): Aren't we awful? Bunch of old hens.

This was said with a self-conscious giggle. He was her brother from the city. Five years ago, she had written, asking if she could stay with him and Jeanie while she got settled in the city. She never came; six months later she got her ring from Lewis and that was that. But she was hopeful still, hopeful of something. "Yes," she had cried, "my child will take piano and ballet lessons like your daughter—even if it's a boy." Delusion, delusion. Lewis had frowned; he was not the kind of man who would want his son to take ballet lessons. Or maybe even piano lessons.

Now, despite his resolutions, Jay said, "Sammy MacDougal—wasn't he the one who ran over that kid that time?"

And then he felt jittery. Such long memories! In other houses, they would be saying: "Heard tell Jay Edgars came home." And: "Whose boy is that?" And: "Dave Edgar's young fellow. Left home, must be 12 years or so now. His sister married that fellow Lewis, one who runs the garage." "Oh yes, oh yes, now I know. Musta come home on account of his old man."

Marion: Oh no, it wasn't him at all! It was...

"I'd better clear the table," Mother said, looking at her watch. "It's almost seven now."

Marion got up. "We'll just pile the dishes—I'll help you with them later on." To Jay she said, piling plates, "They've changed the hospital all around—got a whole new wing built on it now."

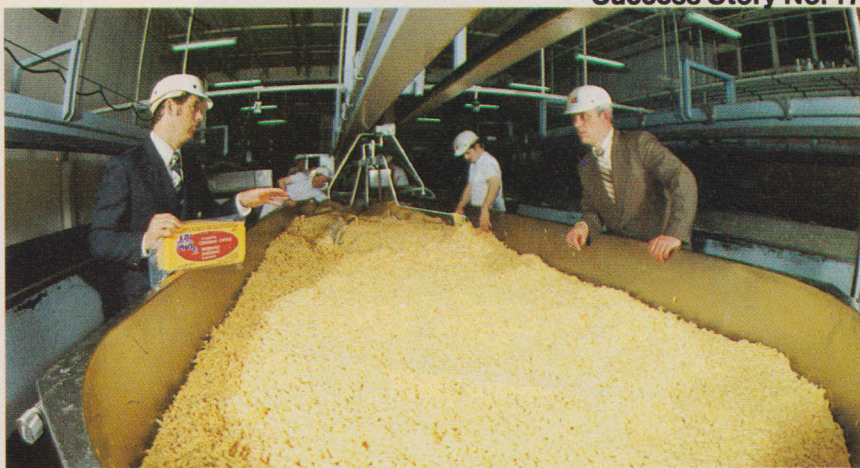
"Maybe when he knows you're there, boy..." Carroll began.

"I think I'll go in the morning," Jay heard himself say. "Think I'll pass tonight—I'm kind of beat from the trip."

They left him. No one said anything about it, although it seemed to him that they kind of moved away from him, although saying things like: "No wonder, that drive in the rain, it is a long trip."

Alone in the house, he did not know what to do. The place was silent around him; he could hear the old fridge humming and the mantel clock ticking. He did not want to be here alone at all, and yet he did not want to go to the hospital either. His footsteps sounded loud and heavy, even though he found himself walking stealthily. Everything was so orderly, so clean, so old, so well cared for.

And so...empty, formless. It was a



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house which needed rules, order. Standing in the kitchen, where the dishes had been piled in the sink and covered with water (but where everything else was spotless, shiny), he thought of his father standing by the back window, watching him stack the firewood or rake the grass. A rap on the window meant: You've made a mistake. Always those eyes had watched; he had never been beyond their observation. Doing his homework in his room, the door would open: The old man, checking. Ritual, ritual, ritual, waiting for the father to say grace.

And yet, was he really like that, his father? What about the tenderness and humor reserved, it seemed, for Carroll alone?

Once he had raided a neighbor's garden—the neighbor was an old widow ("widdowwoman") and every spring her son came to plant it for her. The old man had caught him right at it, detective that he was. He'd grabbed him by the shirt and kicked him in the ass. Apologies had been in order, and as punishment he'd had to weed her garden the rest of the summer and repay her with their own produce, the estimated value of which came from his pocket money.

"I will not tolerate thievery," his father had said. "If there's anything I can't stand it's a thief and liar. And while you're living in my house, you will neither lie nor steal. I ought to whip the Jesus hide right off of you."

You goddam old bastard, Jay had said to himself, but not out loud because swearing and profanity were the right of only one man, the father.

And yet—he paused by the door of his bedroom which no longer looked like his room because it had been completely redone and now had a rather feminine appearance—there had been some good times: Baseball games, hunting, fishing, walking quietly through the woods, following that steadfast gait. Catching the trout in the silvery brook and cooking it over an open fire.

Such tenderness there was on the occasion when he had been the person dictated into existence by his father!

New mattress on the bed, too. He sat down. That's where the marijuana had been, under the mattress, that summer he was home from Dal, 20 years old. The old man had found it and met him at the door with it. He'd been out with a girl and greeting him at the door had been the old man, the plastic bag in one hand, swinging with the other.

"My son," he'd said to the RCMP officer, "had this in his room."

And: "I'm doing my duty. It's against the law and I do not want my son to become a dope addict."

The young officer had looked embarrassed.

Jay had fled. For 12 years.

But what had happened afterward? Thinking of this now, he hoped his father had been ashamed, mortified, grief-stricken, sorry.

But not a word did he receive! He'd gotten a job and gone to college at night and married Jeanie because she was a free spirit and told himself they could now have the whole bag of tricks, puritan ethics and the works. He'd written his mother after a month, addressing the letter only to her and registering it in such a way that only she could pick it up (he had liked that—to think of his father's frustration and embarrassment at the post office).

The whole thing—the marijuana, the trip to the RCMP, the fleeing—was as if it had never happened.

And what had happened *here*, after he'd fled? He'd hitch-hiked to the next town that very night and taken a bus and then a train, just leaving, turning his back on the whole thing.

I'll never forgive him! he thought.

And I won't go to see him either.

But in the morning, things seemed different. He awoke not to rain but to sunshine. He thought: I'm home. Downstairs he could smell bacon frying. He had been pretending to sleep when they came home. No one had come in during the night. The old man must still, therefore, be alive.

Jeanie? Sarah? They would be in their pyjamas, eating breakfast....But they seemed so remote, so far away, not quite real.

Marion was already there and seemed more like his kid sister this morning, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and her hair was covered with a crazy purple scarf. Mother was pouring coffee, dressed up for the hospital. A bundled smock lay on the chair. "I help the nurses with him," she explained, seeing his look. "I have to leave in a minute, but Marion can keep you company."

"I have to go to the doctor at 11," Marion said, lighting a cigarette, "so he can give me hell for smoking."

"It's not good if you're pregnant," he said.

"Just five a day. Don't be an old fuddy-duddy."

"I'll give you a lift," he said to his mother. "Maybe I'll go see Carroll."

"He'll be pleased to see you. But I really must run—no, sit still. I'll walk up. I could use the exercise."

She fled.

Later, driving down the shore road, he concentrated on the scenery. It was his first sight of the ocean, which he had carefully avoided driving down from Halifax. But today, he was discovering happily that he could maintain his resistance despite seeing all this. Wooden houses, huge and gabled, speaking of family money, and smaller, poorer ones with old cars littering back yards, wash fluttering in the wind and over all the sense of space and immensity as though these buildings were stubborn things, clinging to rocks despite the forces of nature. This was home.

Marion had been glib, talkative, and had not mentioned the old man, although she had said she was meeting her mother at the hospital. They had done the dishes together. She had been full of questions: How long were skirts in Montreal now? Did Jeanie wear the latest fashions? What was her boutique like? Maybe she and Lewis would visit sometime, even though he didn't care for cities much. She did, though. They had met this very interesting couple last summer while they were camping who were from Montreal.

But dropping her off at the doctor's, she looked like a small-town housewife. She had changed into a navy maternity outfit and the scarf had only been a



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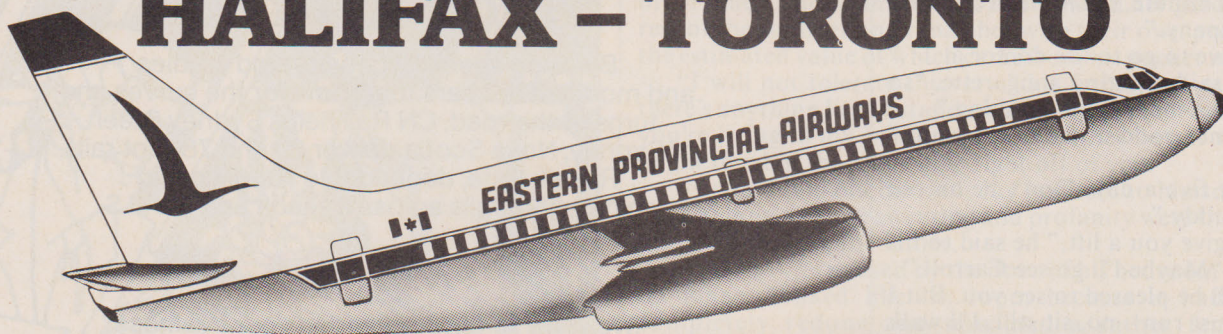
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cover for the pincurls beneath it. *She wanted to look nice.*

Carroll's house appeared suddenly, a small wooden structure he had built himself after the old family home had burned. The old man still owned part of the land. There were a hundred acres, comprising fields, a brook, and thick, dense woodland. In the winter, Carroll trapped rabbits. As a boy he had helped set and tend the snares. Barbaric, he thought now.

There was a wooden ship on the lawn. Junky, his mother would say. Christmastime, when they all made the annual visit, Carroll would have the Christmas cards strung around the room...

Behind the house was the shed where Carroll cut the fish he bought at the wharf, and which he would later sell to housewives. Carroll and his blue truck were an institution in the town.

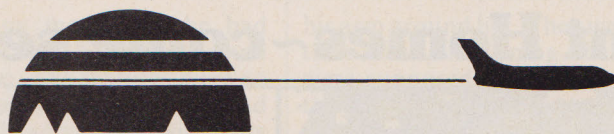
Carroll was in the shed, salting down mackerel. He flushed and looked very glad to see him, but only momentarily surprised. "Everyone's been askin' for salt mackerel—can't buy good fish in the stores no more. Have a seat boy, have a seat. Be through in a sec and we'll go on in the house and have ourselves a wet."

"We can stay out here. I don't mind."

He had said the wrong thing. Carroll looked hurt; he wanted to entertain him properly. "We'll go on inside. Just take a minute. Got to get this stuff out on the road soon. Like to know how many times they been askin' for salt mackerel. Haddock, now, that's easier to come by, but lobster's rare as diamonds these days." A strip of pale skin showed between the back of his cap and the top of a white, white T-shirt. Visions of Carroll hanging out his solitary laundry, remembrances of the time he and a bunch of friends had come here as teen-agers, looking for a drink.

In the house, Carroll filled two water glasses with whisky, right to the top. It was the way he always drank, Jay remembered now. Straight from the bottle, one or two "tots" as he called them. Down the hatch, as he used to say. He began talking about the improvements he had made in the house: New kitchen cupboards, running water, a new closet in the bedroom. He had everything to sustain him: A barrel of salt fish, another of sauerkraut, carrots, potatoes, and turnips in the cellar, beef he'd corned himself as well as lots of dried cod.

"But the good times are gone," Carroll said. "Gettin' on in age. One day, bingo, it'll be game over." He



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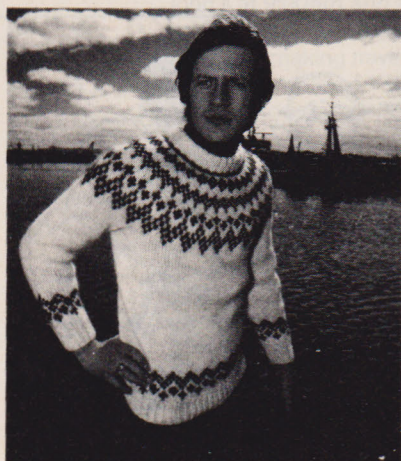


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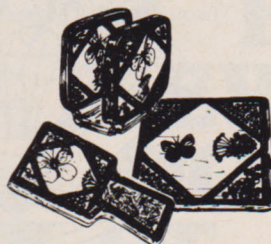
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snapped his fingers. "Hope when I go it's quick. Don't want no one lookin' after me, no sir. Davey'd hate it, lyin' there sick and helpless. One thing he never could stand was bein' sick. Strong as a horse he always was. I remember when we was goin' fishin' together, just us two. What times we had! Out on the water 'fore the crack o' dawn and then watchin' the sun come out and the water all silvery like and us there in our boat. Ain't no feelin' like it, I can tell you. Worked pretty hard too, specially when we was lobsterin'. Boil a big pot of them we would and have ourselves a regular feast. Never could see him givin' it up, that life, but then I guess when he got married he wanted a regular job like. Smart he was, too. Takes brains, have an office job.

"But he was crazy too. The things we used to do! Wonder we wasn't both killed. One time, we both got pissed to the eyeballs and he lost his rubber boots. To this day it's a mystery to me what happened to them boots. We was just steamin' along and 'Gotta be gettin' in,' I says to him, and all he done was laugh and pass the bottle. So I said to hell with it too and the pair of us got pie-eyed, just watchin' the water.

"'Nother time we went to this dance—they used to have these dances down the shore. There was this woman who had her eye on him. Married too, she was. Now I ain't claimin' he was innocent or nothin' like that. He had his fun with her, but she wouldn't leave him be, see. Got to be a regular nuisance. Well, we went to this dance and there she was, see, with her husband and all his people. Well, she wouldn't have nothin' to do with him there, and her always down around the wharf too when her husband was out fishin'. And what d'you suppose he did, your old man? Played right up to her he did and there was enough talk goin' on right then—not that anyone could prove a thing—but anyway, there was all this talk—and he kept dancin' with her and kissin' her like. Well! He never did reckon on her husband—come right after him he did, said he'd beat the hell out of him. We got outa there right fast. Dave was gonna fight him but I got him outa there 'fore anything coulda happened. That other guy, he woulda killed him."

Carroll poured two more drinks.

"Course, that all changed. Guess he kinda settled down. Still say though, he's still the same underneath, office job or no office job. And you! You little nipper! Always did look for the times you used to come out here. Sure is nice seein' you here today. But you really oughta see him, boy, 'fore it's

too late. Them doctors! They don't know everything! You can't tell me as he don't know we're there."

"Oh, I'm going, I'm going," Jay said lightly, quickly. "I was just beat last night."

Silence. They drank. Jay thought: If only the old man had been more like Carroll. But the father Carroll described was different than the father he'd known. Maybe his mother was the guilty one?

But he didn't have to call the cops on his own son!

As if reading his thoughts, Carroll said, "He always tried to do what was right by you, boy." There was some kind of reservation, a sudden coldness there. The glasses had been drained and now Carroll, looking sad and quiet, capped the bottle and stored it under the cupboard.

He drove. The roads, their shapes and curves came back to him, and when a sudden sharp angle appeared, hidden behind a hill, he was prepared for it. He had not forgotten, after all. It was, despite the sunshine, a grey land, but an imposing one, and one which had often entered his dreams in Montreal. Wharfs and hills and fishing boats and white churches and woods and lakes and little houses which looked like bungalows but which were only shacks with pieces added on.

He drove all afternoon. When he finally returned to town, the post office clock read 5:30. He turned to the left and drove to the hospital.

They would be home, eating. Carroll's truck was not there, either.

Had Carroll's look also said: You are guilty, mend your fences?

It was a hospital like any other, shiny and white and clean and smelling of disinfectant. A starched nurse, not looking the least surprised ("That's his son, come home to see him") directed him: Room 11.

The door was open and there was his father asleep on the bed, intravenous in one arm, hands like claws on the white blankets, head turned to one side and mouth open. They had removed his teeth.

Jay sat, heart beating. The door was closed. Had he closed it? He could not remember doing so. He knew there had to be some kind of ceremony between them now, the son come home at last and the father, dying in this hospital bed.

His father, life sprung from those loins, dark embraces on a marriage bed. He could not imagine it, could not now see his father in any way except the way he was now—helpless, ill, soon to die.

He said, "I forgive you Dad." The words surprised him. He had not meant

to say that any more than he had meant to approach the bed as he had obviously done. The features were so much like his own! He bent down and kissed the forehead and fled with tears in his eyes.

His father died two nights later, in the middle of the night when there was no one there. Jay felt relief, and then, sadness, mourning. Which was right, now. The moment had liberated him. He could go home. He had done the right things. He could leave it all behind him now. During the funeral, his mother clung to Carroll who had

his arm around her. They were burying their dead, mourning the way they were supposed to mourn. And, even though there had been no message—and now he knew, he had expected this, some token, some word, something—there was no longer any reason to feel guilty.

Son: I forgive you.

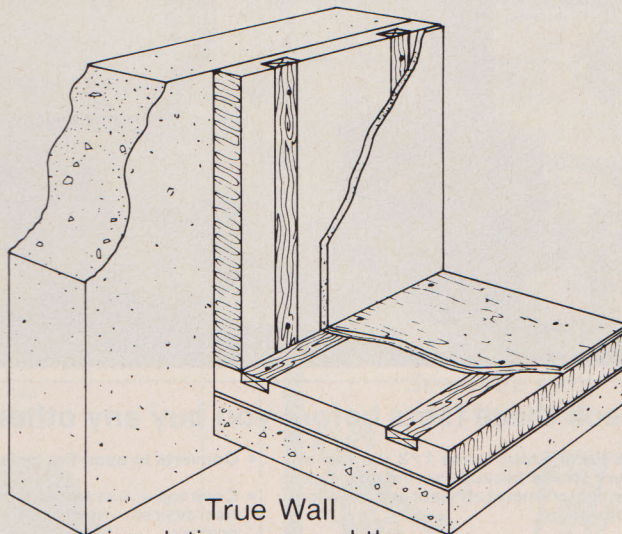
Father: I knew you would come. I wanted to ask you to forgive me.

Son: I have, I have.

Father: I prayed for you to come.

It was raining at the cemetery. The minister read, the wind blew, the casket was lowered and then they could all

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Fiction

walk back, through the soggy mud, the air fresh and cool suddenly.

He was going back and yes, yes, he would bring Jeanie and Sarah in the summer and his mother must come to Montreal for a change, once everything was settled. There were things to be done: Insurance papers, funeral bills, cards of thanks to go out. Everything had to be proper, but now the priority no longer had that heavy, oppressive sense to him. There was sadness

beneath it, and the evening before he was to go he found himself, for no reason at all, putting his arms around his mother.

She said: "He forgave you, you know. I'm sure he did."

"He forgave me?" He dropped his arms.

"About the trouble. They were going to charge him, you know. It was his house and he was responsible. He never really got over it. Of course they didn't, in the end. I think he was

waiting for you to write a note, make a phone call. It would have been all forgotten."

"But he was the one who called the cops."

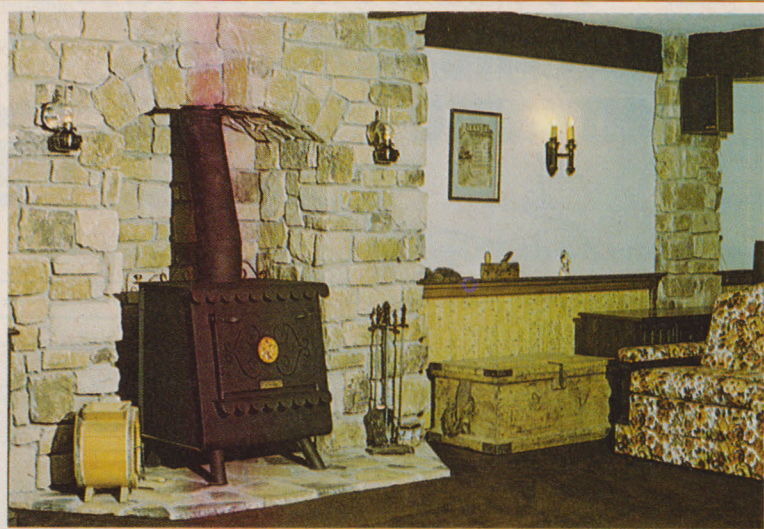
His mother did not answer right away and he moved to the window. The street was growing dark. Lights had come on in the houses across the street but the houses themselves were still lifeless.

"He wanted to leave you the land, Carroll's land, the part he still owned. That's why he never signed it over to Carroll so that you could have it."

He heard her go to the kitchen. What did he want with land anyway? What did it matter? A car was approaching—Lewis's car. They were coming for supper since it was his last night here. He stood and watched behind the curtains as Lewis took his wife's cigarette so that she would not be seen smoking on the street.

All right then, he said to himself, I won't forgive you either. And now he could not leave here at all, ever. ☒

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"Snools" are unwelcome in P.E.I. "Thras" too

If Terry Pratt calls you *trappy*, say thank you. He means you're smartly dressed. But if he calls you a *snool* (cringing sneak) or a *thra* (tiresome complainer), you'll have good reason to *strunt* (take offence). These weird words are among 100 that Pratt, an English professor at University of P.E.I., is using in a study of Island dialect. With a postal questionnaire, he asked older Islanders to identify certain words and phrases, but this was only the beginning of what he hopes will be an exhaustive study of Island vocabulary, grammar, pronunciation, speech patterns.

Feeding survey results and information about those surveyed into a computer, Pratt gets breakdowns of word usage by sex, ethnic origin, occupation, educational level, rural or urban background, etc. Thus, he knows that *linders* (undershirt) is common in Prince County and among older women. The questionnaire explored the words people choose to describe common objects: Is a small, rounded hill a *knoll*, *hummock*, *mound*, *rise*, or *mole hill*? As his project continues, he'll include face-to-face interviews, and he'll tap Islanders of all ages. In the end, he hopes, he'll be able to put together both a fascinating dictionary and an academic work on P.E.I. linguistics.

—Ann Thurlow

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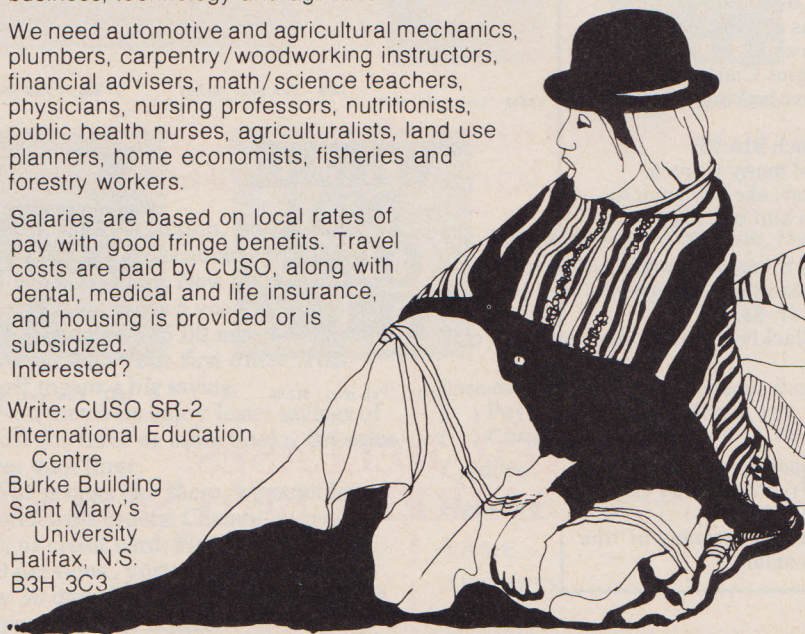
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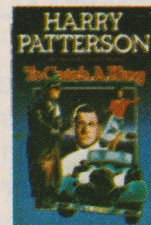
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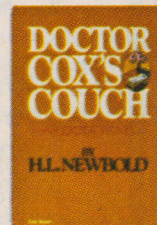
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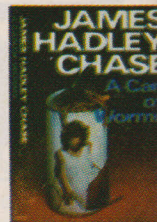
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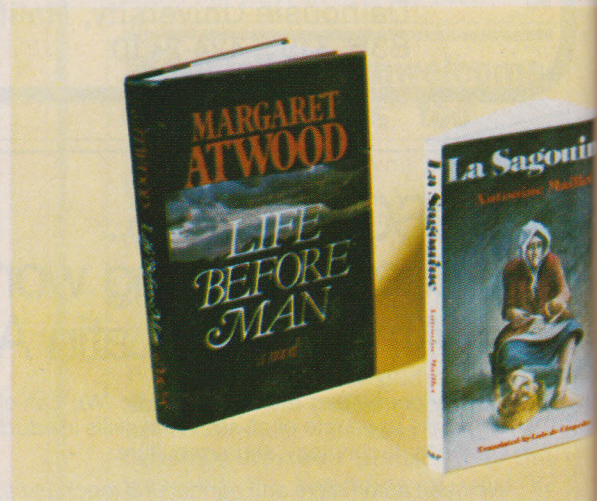
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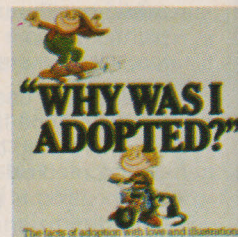


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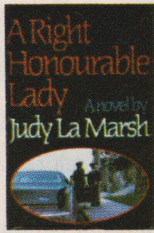
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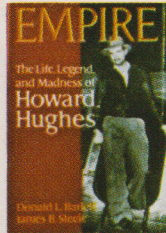
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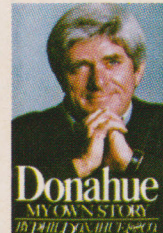
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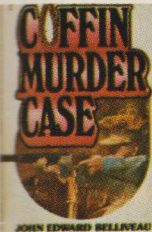
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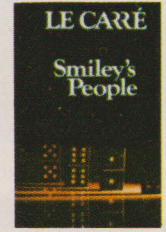
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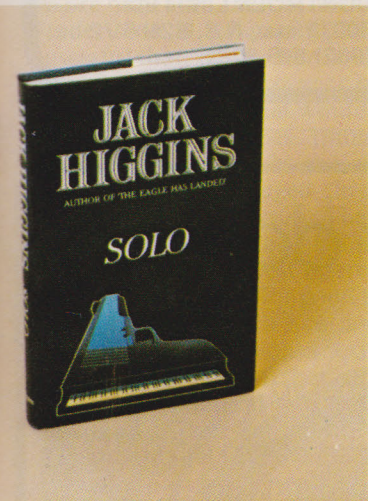
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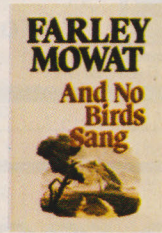
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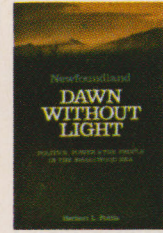
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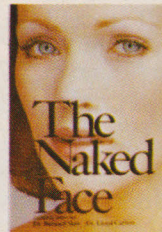
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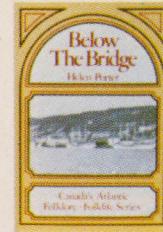
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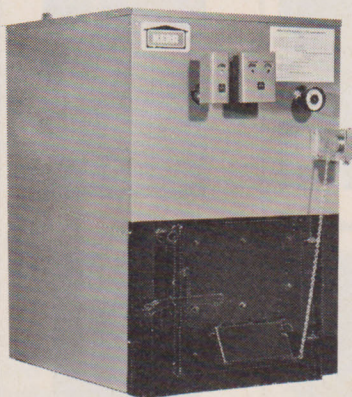
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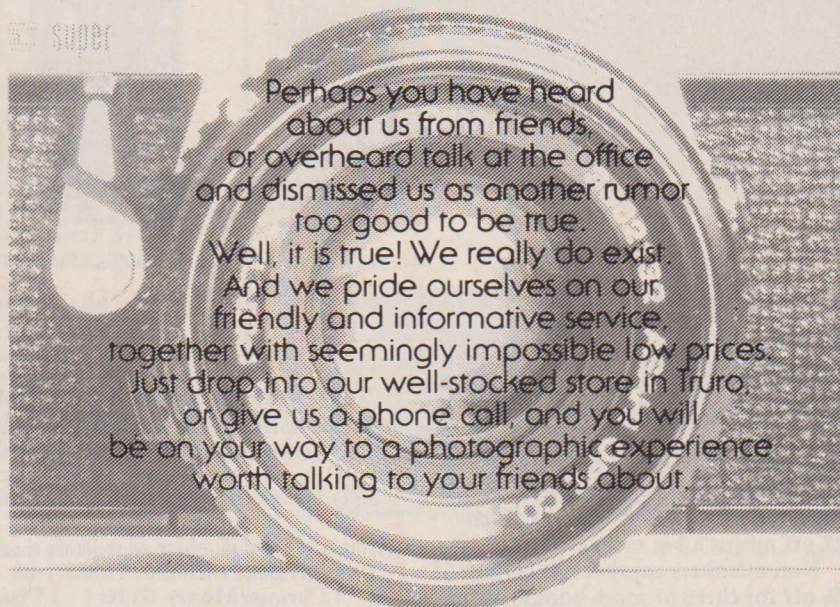
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Energy

Why no gas pipeline? Just ask New Brunswick

Hatfield's government has the Irving Juggernaut to think about, not to mention the Lepreau boondoggle

By Jon Everett

Vishnu, Preserver of the World, a god of many incarnations (as Krishna), is India's Juggernaut. A huge idol, the Juggernaut is dragged on wheels through the streets of Puri where, the story goes, people used to throw themselves and others under the wheels. K.C. Irving, Proprietor of a Province, a man of many industries (like petroleum), is New Brunswick's Juggernaut. In Puri, Vishnu is so powerful that all castes may eat together before him, even the Untouchables. In Fredericton, N.B.'s capital, Irving is so powerful that, before him, everyone is in the same soup. Last year outsiders proposed a scheme that would ease the province's energy woes. Immediately, the name of Irving's huge Saint John oil refinery was dragged through the corridors of Fredericton. The government, proclaiming the plan untouchable, sacrificed the best interest of the entire populace and, for good measure, threw in that of Nova Scotia as well.

The proposal would extend the natural gas pipeline that runs from Alberta to Montreal into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on a route roughly parallel to the Trans-Canada Highway, past Fredericton and Moncton to Halifax. Spurs would go to N.B.'s north shore, Saint John and St. Stephen, N.B., and Cape Breton. Alberta has excess natural gas and needs new markets; the Maritimes are dependent on temperamental, price-gouging, foreign crude-oil suppliers. Like the Trans-Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway, the pipeline makes sense as a project for national unity, if nothing else. But the builder, Q & M Pipe Lines, a subsidiary of Alberta Gas Trunk Line expects to make money in the long run, particularly if it can swing a line into New England.

Homeowners would face a conversion charge, then save possibly hundreds each year by paying at 80% of the price of oil the first 10 years and 90% the next 10. Alberta supplies alone should last a lifetime; other supplies, like those of Sable Island,

could be hooked in. Big industries could be converted; so could the 1,000-megawatt, oil-fired Coleson Cove electrical generator near Saint John. Since natural gas is piped into the home, the consumer need not handle or store it. It burns cleanly, without pollution. In New Brunswick alone the pipeline would pump \$1 billion into the economy over 20 years and create hundreds of jobs. Prime Minister Trudeau promised the pipeline in his election campaign and throne speech this year. N.S. Premier John Buchanan supports it. Only N.B. Premier Hatfield won't. Why?

Vishnu is only one of many gods in India, and Irving is not the only fly in the N.B. pantheon. Hatfield has Point Lepreau to worry about, too. At \$450 million, the original price, the province might well have been justified in taking a flyer on a nuclear plant that may or may not work for 30 years. But now, thanks to the gross mismanagement of the government-owned New Brunswick Electric Power Commission, the price is up to \$1.1 billion. But Hatfield defends Lepreau by saying at any price it will provide electricity cheaper than oil, and with guaranteed fuel.

Natural gas, of course, would make a mockery of his economic and political arguments, and Hatfield, veteran of the Bricklin debacle, knows you have to meet mockery head on. Should a government shower millions on an Arizona cowboy with a faulty business record who wants to build cars made of an acrylic-plastic material that has yet to be invented? Certainly. Should a government provide its people and industries with a secure energy supply? Certainly not.

In National Energy Board hearings in Halifax, Texaco asserted the pipeline wasn't needed because the energy crisis wasn't serious enough. Texaco, Standard Oil of California (half-owner of Irving Oil), Exxon (parent of Esso) and Mobil suck together at the oil teats of Saudi Arabia, a dark ages remnant that could come apart at the seams like nearby Iran. These companies have a big stake in keeping the Saudi autocrats up and such sad sacks as us Maritimers

pretty far down.

New Brunswick took up the petroleum party line at the Fredericton hearings, saying, "The effects of displacement of either oil or electricity by other energy forms must be known and understood before changes can be implemented." Obstructionism isn't necessarily bad; if Hatfield had been premier during the sailing ship era, he might have preserved us and our economy from the steamship.

New Brunswick would also stone-wall the pipeline on environmental grounds. That's like the village drunk opposing the licensing of a dining room on principle. Moreover, environmentalists lurk behind every fiddlehead in New Brunswick but not one voiced alarm at the Q & M pipeline at the Fredericton hearings.

In May the National Energy Board announced that it was approving extension of the pipeline to Quebec City, but not to the Maritimes. The announcement was not entirely unexpected. Central Canadian agencies have been making lame-brain decisions concerning the Maritimes—and the west, too, for that matter—since Confederation. The only way to overturn this one is to raise political Cain. Tory MPs did this in Ottawa. Liberal MLAs did it in Fredericton. The snag, as federal

JACK CUSANO



Everett: Pipeline's just "pipedream"

Energy Minister Lalonde explained, is the N.B. government's position. Lalonde "will not ride roughshod over provincial concerns." This means the pipeline remains a pipedream. There's about as much chance of getting approval from Hatfield as from the wall, or from a dumb idol in India. ☒

Feedback

It may take some time for your magazine to reach me but I enjoy *Atlantic Insight*. I especially enjoyed the March article on my home town, Sussex, N.B., and got a great chuckle from Marilyn MacDonald's column on the difficulties of trying to diet in the face of all those temptations.

G.W. Brown
Port Moresby,
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CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA

Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Sept. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "The Glass Menagerie," Sept. 6-13, Fredericton; Sept. 15, St. Stephen; Sept. 16, Edmundston; Sept. 17, Campbellton; Sept. 18, Dalhousie; Sept. 19, Bathurst; Sept. 20, Chatham; Sept. 22, 23, Dieppe; Sept. 24, Sussex; Sept. 25-27, Saint John

Sept. — Recitals by internationally acclaimed violinist Ida Haendel and pianist Ronald Turini, Sept. 21, Fredericton; Sept. 22, Sackville

Sept. 1-3 — Half Marathon, St. François

Sept. 1-30 — Karel Appel Graphics, Mt. Allison University, Sackville

Sept. 1-30 — O'Neill Brothers Model Circus, New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

Sept. 4-6 — Tobique Lions Fall Fair, Plaster Rock

Sept. 6 — Exhibition Pace, Fredericton Raceway

Sept. 10-13 — Fall Fair, Sussex

Sept. 10-13 — Albert Co. Exhibition, Albert

Sept. 11-13 — Queens Co. Fair, Gagetown

Sept. 13 — Atlantic Sires Stake, Brunswick Downs, Moncton

Sept. 13, 14 — Acadian Historical Village Agricultural Fair, Caraquet

Sept. 14 — Recital by harp-sichordist Bonnie Silver and guitarist Norbert Kraft, UNB, Saint John

Sept. 30 — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, Moncton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Sept. 1 — Summer Festival Exhibition, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Sept. 1-7 — Christopher Ward: Singer, The Showboat, Charlottetown

Sept. 1-20 — "Love in the Back Seat," Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Sept. 6, 7 — Harvest Moon Golf Tournament, Brudenell

Sept. 7 — Atlantic Soccer League, Charlottetown vs. New Waterford, University of P.E.I., Charlottetown

Sept. 9-27 — Erica Rutherford: Paintings and Prints, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Sept. 14 — P.E.I. Road Runners Marathon, Cavendish

Sept. 29 — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, Charlottetown

Sept. 30 - Oct. 19 — Gary Wilson: Topographical Photos, Great George Street Gallery

NOVA SCOTIA

The Mulgrave Road Co-op Theatre Co. presents "Bring Back Don Messer," Sept. 7-14, Guysborough Co.; Sept. 16, River John; Sept. 18-20, Halifax; Sept. 25, Middle Musquodoboit; Sept. 26, Sheet Harbour; Sept. 27, Whycocomagh; Sept. 28, Antigonish

Sept. — Recitals by internationally acclaimed violinist Ida Haendel and pianist Ronald Turini, Sept. 24, Halifax; Sept. 26, Wolfville; Sept. 28, Glace Bay

Sept. 1-6 — N.S. Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, Lunenburg

Sept. 1-8 — Artisan '78: Contemporary Canadian Crafts, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Sept. 1-14 — Louis Comtois Paintings, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Sept. 2-6 — Pictou-North Colchester Exhibition, Pictou

Sept. 9-14 — Hants Co. Exhibition, Windsor

Sept. 21 — Corporate Challenge '80: Fitness and running competition, Dalplex, Halifax

Sept. 24-28 — Harvestfest, Truro

Sept. 24-28 — Joseph Howe Festival: Oratorical and town-crier competitions, pancake breakfasts, craft markets, dances, parade, Halifax

Sept. 27, 28 — "Art in an Historic Setting," by Commander Anthony Law and Jane Shaw, Dartmouth

NEWFOUNDLAND

Sept. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "The Glass Menagerie," Sept. 29, Stephenville; Sept. 30, Corner Brook

Sept. 1 — Nfld. Open Tennis Championships, St. John's

Sept. 1-23 — 25th Annual Fall Fair, Witless Bay

Sept. 1-30 — Labrador Clothing, Happy Valley

Sept. 2 — Bell Island Day, Bell Island

Sept. 7 — Ship Harbour Day, Ship Harbour

Sept. 12 — Russian Folk Dance Troupe: Kasheka Cossacks, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 15-19 — Fall Fair, Twillingate

Sept. 15 - Oct. 15 — New Newfoundland Realists Exhibition, Gander

Sept. 18-20 — Rising Tide Theatre presents "John and the Missus," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

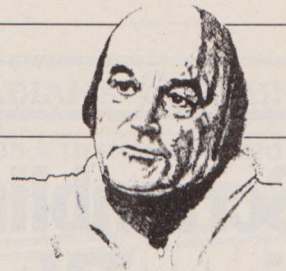
Sept. 25-Oct. 4 — Fall Fair, Harbour Grace

Sept. 27, 28 — Piccadilly Days, Piccadilly

Sept. 27, 28 — Home-crafts Fair, Bonne Bay

Dalton Camp's column

Tricks the media play



While *The New York Times* unflinchingly describes Ronald Reagan as "the Republican presidential candidate and former movie actor" (never, mind you, "movie star"), the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, which has the same fixation on Reagan, does not call Peter Lougheed "premier of Alberta and former punt returner," or P.E. Trudeau "prime minister of Canada and former lawyer." How come? It's entirely likely *The New York Times* and *The Globe and Mail* do not approve of Reagan as a presidential candidate. But do they also disapprove of people who have been movie actors? Or do they only disapprove of politicians who have been movie actors; or, perhaps, they only disapprove of movie actors because Ronald Reagan was one.

What we may safely deduce from all this is that the media are not greatly enthused at the prospect of Reagan's becoming president, and one way of conveying their displeasure is to make a pejorative of the fact that he is a former movie actor. Media disapproval of President Truman—which lasted throughout his years in the White House and until several years after his death—was expressed by calling him "a former Missouri haberdasher." Poor Truman was never allowed to forget that he once sold shirts out of a store in St. Louis—even though he went on to become a circuit court judge, a senator, a vice-president of the United States and, now they tell us, one of America's great presidents.

I have had a taste of such media medicine myself. During my years as president of the Progressive Conservative party's national association, *The Globe and Mail* sometimes approved of my conduct in office and sometimes not: I could always tell. When the paper called me "Dalton Camp, Conservative party national president," I knew that whatever followed would be pleasing. But when the *Globe* was upset with me, I became "Conservative party national president and former advertising executive."

Nothing is ever made of politicians who have been lawyers, or professors, or even engineers, as was Herbert Hoover. Sir Charles Tupper was a former dentist, and I've often wondered if today's media would have made anything of that, if he were still around,

and if the media were opposed to him. What we do know is that it's somehow prejudicial to a public person to have worked out of Hollywood, or to have been in advertising, or held any occupation that smacks of the entertainment industry or sales.

A journalist once told me of a radio interview in which he introduced Gerald Regan, the former premier of Nova Scotia, as a "former sportscaster." He said Regan was visibly annoyed. While the introduction was accurate, it somehow struck the present federal minister for Fitness and Amateur Sport as sounding uncomplimentary—after all, he was also a former labor lawyer—and the interview immediately went sour. It turns out that many politicians have worked at things in the past which are entirely and otherwise creditable but they don't like being reminded of it. It also turns out that the media like reminding them—and us.

Opponents of Hugh John Flemming, who became premier of New Brunswick by defeating a man who was not only a lawyer but a Rhodes Scholar, tried to make much of the fact that Flemming was a lumberman. As it turned out, being a lumberman seemed natural enough to most of the voters of New Brunswick.

Still, in this media age, what politicians used to do for a living does seem to matter. I suspect candidates who were former morticians have a high casualty rate in politics, just as doctors will almost always be winners. But should Governor Reagan win the election, and go on to reduce inflation, restore the American dollar, return full employment, and invent a carburettor that runs on shredded newspapers, he will still be plain old Ronald Reagan, "president of the United States and former movie actor." Better he should have formerly been legal counsel to the Sons of Satan. ☒

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Scrambling for the suppertime TV audience

It's a tricky business. But this season, programs round the region have a few surprises up their sleeves

Television program changes happen slowly in the Atlantic region. It's especially true in the competitive suppertime current affairs time slot. Producers say TV viewers want continuity, a familiar face to read the news. When a move like bringing in a new host can mean at least a temporary drop in ratings, they tend to proceed with caution. Still, a clutch of changes will show up in the suppertime news shows which begin their new season this month.

The biggest news is the Atlantic Television System's move to a totally integrated Maritime newscast. With a new microwave system that's cost over \$200,000, ATV for the first time will be able to broadcast live from eight separate locations, with anchorman Dave Wright throwing the switches from Halifax. It's the most dramatic change being made this season by English-language evening news and current affairs shows

facilities in Charlottetown. That will mean that Sydney's ATV station, CJCBC, will be able to receive same-day legislative coverage from Halifax, an impossibility last year.

The show will be run from Halifax with a format similar to last season's *ATV Evening News*: Dave Wright's lifestyle news at 5:30, followed by hard news with Bruce Graham at six. Saint John, Moncton and Sydney stations will be able to opt in and out of the main broadcast. Anchormen Mike Pietrus, Eric Sorenson and Bill Jessome will man each of the three locations and provide local continuity. ATV will open a new bureau in New Glasgow, N.S., expand its Bathurst, N.B., bureau, and introduce a half-hour Sunday suppertime newscast.

ATV continues to have the most-watched suppertime newscast in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In spring ratings by the Bureau of Broadcast Measurement (BBM), the *ATV Evening News* captured 39% of the viewing audience in the Halifax-Dartmouth area during the 6:00-6:30 time slot (86,400 people), compared to 27% (80,000) for CBC's *Newsday*. In the Moncton-Saint John area, during the same time slot, ATV took 40% of the audience (98,300 viewers), compared to 25% (65,300 viewers) for CBC's *New Brunswick Report*.

In Newfoundland, CBC's *Here and Now* (seen from 6:30 to 7:30) took the lion's share of the spring audience, 77%—165,200 people—on an average weekday. That may change this fall when the Newfoundland Broadcasting Company Limited, which operates the CTV-affiliate, NTV, switches its suppertime newscast to the 6:30 slot in an attempt to compete head on with CBC. NTV operations manager Don Paul admits it's a "Jack-the-giant-killer" operation because CBC resources are greater than those of the private station. Still, he says, NTV will pump more money into investigative reporting this season ("CBC has had a lot of success with investigative stuff," he admits), though the half-hour show will still not have a public affairs segment. *Here*

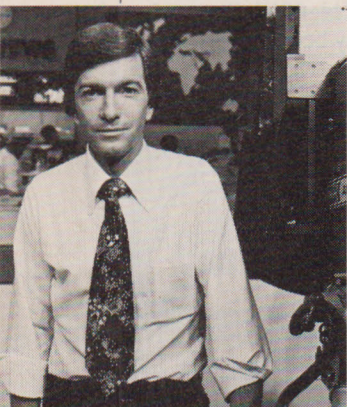
and *Now* producer Ken Meeker says his show will be back this season with host Glen Tilley, and more of the same: An emphasis on "people" stories, balancing investigative work with things like the station's ever-popular Collect-A-Wreck feature (a car-wreck cleanup campaign).

If ratings are the measure of success, CBC Charlottetown's *Compass* (seen from 6:00 to 7:00 pm) is the most popular suppertime newscast in the region. BBM spring ratings gave it 83% of the viewing audience (37,000 people) during the first half-hour, dropping to 51% in the second when *The Price Is Right* comes on ATV's station CKCW from Moncton. Bob Karstens will be the new host this season, replacing Gerry Birt who joins CBC radio's *Information Morning* show in Saint John. *Compass* news director Richard Roger says an additional investigative researcher has been hired. He plans to take one of the program's most popular features—P.E.I. heritage songs with Allan Rankin—on the road for this first time this season.

CBC's *New Brunswick Report*, produced in Fredericton with co-production teams in Moncton and Saint John, heads into its second season this fall in a new building next to the old radio building on Regent Street. Executive producer Terry Brown, who leaves this month for a job in Toronto, describes last season as a learning process for the 30-member news and current affairs unit, and says response to the program has been good. Host Armand Paul will be with the show again this season.

Most producers of suppertime news and current affairs shows say the same thing: Viewers are interested in hard-hitting investigative stories, but they don't want to be consistently hit over the head with bad news. They also want "people" stories with happy endings. And audiences are becoming more sophisticated. Says CBC's *Newsday* producer Anne Tulloch Patrick: "They want visuals. They want to see a story happen. People are no longer interested in a head-and-shoulders interview with a politician." Like its counterparts in the rest of the region, the *Newsday* team is hoping to devote more time this year to investigative work. It had some success last year with an exposé on the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty's practice of selling animals for research and it's counting on coming up with similar stories. And, oh yes, that familiar face to read the news.

—Sue Calhoun



DAVID NICHOLS

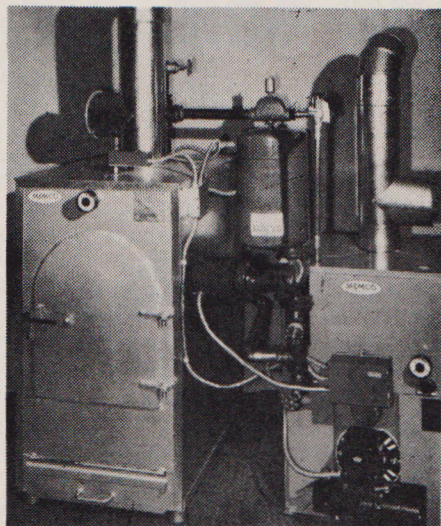
ATV's Graham in Atlantic Canada.

While ATV will emphasize regional stories—linking Saint John port developments with repercussions in Halifax, for example—CBC producers plan a stronger local production thrust. CBC Sydney will introduce a Cape Breton newscast, in direct response to ATV's challenge.

ATV news director Dick Prat says going regional will allow the network to do more investigative work on a local level. It will free up some of the system's 60 news and public affairs staff who previously duplicated each others' work remaking day-old stories from around the region. Now, the intricate two-way microwave system will allow live feeds among TV stations in Halifax, Sydney, Moncton and Saint John, legislative buildings in Fredericton, Halifax and Ottawa, and studio

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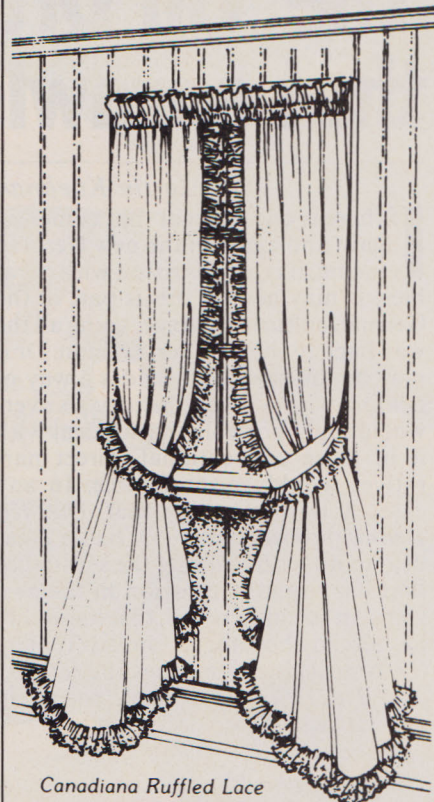
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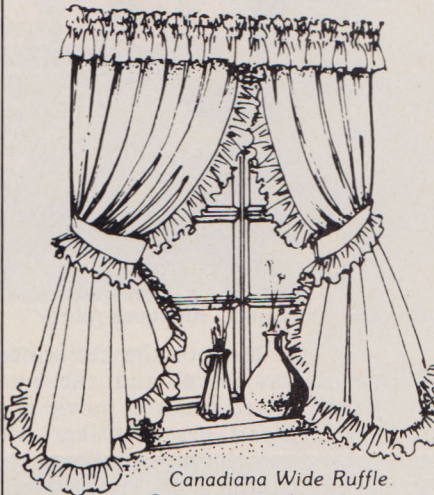
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Movies

The Tin Drum: An epic that sprawls too long

By Martin Knelman

If there is one element that comes up again and again in the new German cinema, it is an obsession with parables. It may be that this is part of the German cultural heritage, going all the way back to the Brothers Grimm. Or it may be the parable provides a way of dealing with a recent history so overwhelmingly horrible that to deal with it in more conventional, direct narratives would be intolerable. In any case, it is safe to say that *The Tin Drum*, published in 1959, had a great deal to do with defining the sensibility that has found expression in the new German cinema. Indeed, that sensibility has already become so familiar that by the time it finally reaches the screen, *The Tin Drum* may seem positively derivative.



Germany through a "funhouse-mirror"

The hero of both the celebrated Günter Grass novel and the new Academy Award-winning movie is a self-willed dwarf named Oskar. He takes his first glimpse of the world from the confines of his mother's womb. He is introduced, and we are, too—to a jarring, eccentric tableau of lower-middle-class life. We are in Danzig, a town on the border between Germany and Poland, in 1924. The woman sweating and grunting her way through the happy agony of childbirth is Agnes (played by Angela Winkler), a confused, dark-haired beauty already tainted beyond her understanding. Among the faces of friends and relatives awaiting Oskar's climb out of the womb are those of his nominal father,

Alfred Matzerath (Mario Adorf), a dim-witted, slothful German shopkeeper, and his real father, Jan Bronski (Daniel Olbrychski), a dashing, romantic Pole who works at the local post office and carries on a fevered affair with Agnes while accepted by the family as Alfred's best friend.

Going back to the beginning of the century, we discover a skeleton in the family closet: Oskar's grandmother, working in her potato field, hides under her skirts a man fleeing the police, and the consequence is the birth of Agnes—whose big peasant bones provide a sort of comic punctuation to her lifelong fluster. Is it any wonder that Oskar takes one look at this chaotic, unseemly group and decides that coming into the world isn't such a good idea? The umbilical cord is slashed so fast there is no scampering back, so he settles for the next best thing. Oskar is promised a tin drum for his birthday when he turns three, and he vows that from that day on, he will grow no more.

For the rest of this sprawling epic we get the funhouse-mirror distortion of seeing Germany between two world wars through the eyes of a tiny man-child whose way of rebelling against what he sees takes the form of refusing to become a grown-up. For the first half of Volker Schlöndorff's ambitious, cold-hearted movie, the novelty of Oskar's peculiar world picture is sufficient to hold us. But in the second hour, we grow restless: We've been teased with the expectation of a payoff the movie can't deliver.

That *The Tin Drum* holds us as long as it does is a tribute to David Bennent, the compact 12-year-old who plays Oskar from fetus to dwarfish young man. When it came to getting a film out of the intimidating Grass novel, casting was an overwhelming problem. Schlöndorff wrote in his diary that he was forced to agree with an observation offered by fellow director Bertrand Tavernier: "A film with a midget in the main role is reduced to a problem of midgets." Grass recalled that earlier applicants for the screen rights to *The Tin Drum* had always spoken of having a gnome or dwarf play Oskar. Grass liked the idea of

using a child. "Who can identify himself with a dwarf?" he asked. "Whereas each one of us has a childhood that we miss and would like to have been able to prolong."

Suggesting a miniature version of the young Buster Keaton, Bennent has the knack of bringing out comic dimensions in his material while retaining a perfectly solemn face, and at the same time of projecting a becalmed dignity totally at odds with the frantic situation. Schlöndorff's general approach is so cold that for a while the playful enigma of Bennent's screen presence seems very appealing. He's playing a joke on the world, and we're in on it.

From the moment Oskar gets his shiny tin drum, it becomes his secret weapon and the mechanism for a running gag. It's a magic toy that lets Oskar be a dropout from the stupid, vulgar world around him. (His fall into a cellar provides the physical explanation for his stunted growth, which is actually an act of will.) As the violence of the world escalates, so does the vehemence with which Oskar bangs his drum. The comic high point comes when a doctor tries to take the drum away from him during an examination, and Oskar lets out a shriek that shatters specimen bottles, spilling lizards and fetuses on the doctor's floor. There's one point at which Oskar uses his drum to drown out a Nazi rally, and the inarticulate, primitive rebellion symbolized by the drum figures largely in the death of people close to Oskar, including his parents.

Volker Schlöndorff is not an innovator in the manner of Herzog and Fassbinder, and it may be that he was chosen for *The Tin Drum* precisely because his own style and ideas wouldn't compete with the Grass vision. But what he has created, finally, is an allegory that is altogether *too* enigmatic, a parable in which the meanings have all been fudged. Isn't Oskar supposed to represent the part of European society that refused to grow up—the lower-middle classes whose unarticulated longings gave rise to the Nazi nightmare? Well, maybe, but in the movie, the world that Oskar rejects is so repulsive that his rebellion seems a case of charming impishness, and we see him as Gulliver among the Yahoos or a cuddly Teutonic Peter Pan. When an older midget advises Oskar, "We dwarfs and fools shouldn't dance on concrete that was poured for giants," it is not clear just what is meant. Like a great many things in this movie, that remark can mean just about anything you want it to mean.



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At Petty Harbour, Nfld., a movie for the killing

Has the curse of Farley Mowat struck even the ABC network?

Bob Lovenheim's patience is wearing thin. Local kids are ducking under the rope onto his film set, horsing around at the water's edge, making him nervous. Some are tossing rocks at his half-a-million-dollar mechanical female humpback, the only life-size model of a whale he knows of. She's the star of the made-for-television movie, *A Whale for the Killing*, loosely based on Farley Mowat's 1972 anti-whaling story about an unhappy chapter of his life in Burgeo, Nfld. New Yorker Lovenheim persuaded Mowat to sell him the film rights to the book six years ago, and this summer—backed with more than \$4 million

Screen Actors' Guild of Los Angeles.

In beautiful Petty Harbour, which plays the part of a fictional outpost called Barrisway, the thrill of being a movie location quickly wore off. (Petty Harbour has seen it all before anyway: *Orca*, a *Jaws* cash-in about a killer whale, was filmed there just a few years ago.) The RCMP promised traffic control but it never materialized; while onlookers jammed the narrow streets, a local man was late for his own wedding. The exterior of Thelma Chafe's house was turned into the Barrisway post office and general store and, despite the few hundred dollars plus the broad steps and porch she'll

get out of it, she quickly tired of looking at fan belts hanging in the fake display in her living room window, not to mention the crumpled car wreck, rusty oil drums and old tires the set designers dragged in front of the house to make the place look more like a genuine Newfoundland outpost. Petty Harbour keeps itself too tidy. Chafe

was also getting weary of unknowing tourists knocking on her door at all hours looking for breakfast, beer, or a postage stamp. With family visiting, it all became rather awkward.

Quiet little Petty Harbour, a.k.a. Barrisway, is in reality bursting at the seams and in summer, when everyone wants to get his work done, it turns out to be a noisy place to try to make a movie about a northern paradise. Next door Maddox Cove is spilling into Petty Harbour and vice versa. A new subdivision is going in, and the contractor in charge of the water-and-sewer project is making an awful racket. Worst of all, Lovenheim, who is beginning to get paranoid by this time, senses the glitter of the silver screen may be bringing out the worst in some people. "I feel everybody has his hand

out," he sighs.

"I think we deserved more here," he says, gazing at his half-submerged whale. "If this thing comes off well, there'll be more tourist traffic than Newfoundland could handle." ABC will undoubtedly promote the one-night movie heavily. This is the most expensive three-hour program it has ever done. Lovenheim says 30 million viewers would be a moderate audience. "Most people don't know where Newfoundland is, or even that it's a part of Canada," he says. "And I think we're painting people in a good light."

It could be Mowat's curse that's brought all the trouble. "I renounce it," he says about the movie. "I don't blame Bob for it, he's a good guy. If you see him again, tell him I'll kick his ass for what he's doing to my story, but if he gets the whole import about whales across, I'll forgive him." Lovenheim says the film won't come down on one side or the other of the whale-conservation question. Instead of Mowat himself, the would-be whale-saver from outside the community is a Connecticut architect who gets blown into Barrisway with his wife and sons while on a sailing holiday in Newfoundland. A humpback becomes trapped in the lagoon. Forgotten, neglected Barrisway can raise money for medical equipment by selling the whale to a pirate whaler anchored just outside the harbor. Officially, the movie is a "human drama," not an "issue picture." In any case, Mowat says he won't be watching television when it comes on this winter (probably February, 1981). "I don't want to see it," he says. "I'm damn sure I won't."

But it isn't all bad news for the film or for Petty Harbour, not by any means. Playboy Productions has donated \$5,000 to the town as a goodwill gesture, and the church which takes part in the film also gets compensation. A few hundred people get some work out of it and a fair chunk of that total \$4 million is spent in and around St. John's. "As mayor of Petty Harbour, I'm happy with it," says Bernie Madden, a St. John's fireman. "There's more going on here than in most communities." He says they'll probably put the donation toward softball equipment for the kids. Money from the *Orca* filming helped build the playing field. And, of course, there's the fame. "We've asked for a credit at the end," says Madden. "Something like 'Thanks to the people of Petty Harbour, Newfoundland, Canada' even."

—Amy Zierler



Film crew, Quidi Vidi: Nobody knows the trouble they've seen

from Playboy Productions (a subsidiary of Hugh Hefner's Playboy Enterprises) and ABC-TV—he finally began to shoot outdoor scenes at Petty Harbour and Quidi Vidi, just outside St. John's.

But things haven't been going so well. First the whale got lost on her way to Newfoundland. Now she refuses to float properly. The photography director had a heart attack shortly after he got to St. John's. Then the weather turned lousy: The script called for lots of nice, dependable overcast skies. Instead they got bone-chilling rain, a bit of sunshine. The grips (the burly guys who handle the equipment) got cranky about losing their California tans, and in the third week of shooting, the stars went on strike for more money along with their brethren in the

Publisher's Letter

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Publisher's Letter

There can be no compromising the quality of this magazine

In the latter half of our first full year of publication, we find ourselves at a decisive point in our short history. Here we have a highly successful regional magazine, supported by close to 70,000 purchasers each month. The editorial and production quality of *Atlantic Insight* is continually acknowledged by readers, advertisers, and the media. Recently, we won three national awards, including "Outstanding Achievement of the Year," the magazine industry's equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar for "Best Picture."

But now we are confronted by a challenge that in some form or other haunts every Canadian business, indeed every individual Canadian. Yes, we are talking about rising costs.

Since the start of publication there has been a rapid escalation of costs for production, printing, and distribution, largely caused by rising costs for paper, energy and labor. With no end in sight. For example, postage rates will most likely be increased in the spring.

So we face a dilemma. Do we lower the quality of the magazine—use cheaper paper, less color, fewer pictures, fewer stories—and maintain the present price structure? Or do we continue to offer a high-quality maga-

zine, a magazine that is a credit to our readers and our region, by increasing the price?

We elected to maintain the quality and service, and increase the price. A tough decision, but with your support it will prove to be the right decision.

Having decided to "bite the bullet," we immediately raised the newsstand price to \$2, effective this issue.

But we wanted to ease the burden to our loyal subscribers, who obviously are the mainstay of the magazine.

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Books

In the case of short-story writers, it takes one to know one

Veronica Ross, *Goodbye Summer*,
Oberon Press,
\$15/\$6.95 paperback

On the back cover of Veronica Ross's first collection of short stories, *Goodbye Summer*, we read that she writes about "the forgotten country" around Liverpool, N.S., where she lives with her husband and daughter. Forgotten by whom? Not by the people who live there and, one would hope, not by God. The publisher is guilty of what I hereby christen the Geocentric Fallacy, which consists in talking as if there were a fixed geographic centre of human

because the cover blurb, which also says that "these stories are a lament for a time that is gone," is unfair to Veronica Ross. She does not write about a place that has been forgotten and a time that has gone. She writes about the here and now. It simply happens that her settings and her characters are small-town and rural Nova Scotian.

It is irrelevant that the superficial details of her characters' lives may sometimes seem old-fashioned, as viewed over a glass of Perrier water in the Courtyard Café. The whole of great literature demonstrates that human beings are much the same, no matter where and when they have lived. Ross's book may not be great literature, but she need not feel ashamed in the presence of the great ones. Her instincts and aspirations are the same as theirs: To express the thrill, the terror and the tedium of being alive.

She is not a Scrabble freak or a diddler-doodler. She is a writer. One of her stories even threatens to become a part of the anthology that I keep in my head. It is entitled "Once He Started Looking," and is the best kind of horror story, where the reader catches one chilling glimpse of the monster that lives inside each of us, awaiting the seemingly casual word or gesture that will let him out. As I finished reading the final paragraph of that story, a shiver ran down my spine: The nearest a short story writer can ever come to receiving a standing ovation.

With the exception of the victims in "Once He Started Looking" and the hero of "I'm Still Here," a village eccentric who refuses to give up his expropriated farm, Ross's characters are very ordinary people: A lonely waitress, a young man playing the drifter for a little while in preparation for a lifetime of business lunches and golf courses, the residents of an old peoples' home, the wives of service-station owners and factory workers, a single mother on welfare and her social worker.

Using these materials, she expresses emotions which all of us experience at one time or another. For instance, the desire to die and be reborn that mani-

festes itself as the urge to chuck everything, ditch the whole damn works, and hit the road for Anywhere. Her people think one thing, while saying another, like the rest of us, and like the rest of us, they indulge in daydreams as passionate as they are fleeting. The young woman in "Persia Awakening," falls in and out of love with her social worker in a single afternoon, without his ever suspecting. Her body remains in the shabby apartment with his empty coffee cup and the 29-cent pen that he left behind while her mind roves across decades in which they marry, have babies, spend weekends on his boat, vacation in England...

It all ends with a telephone call in which he, oblivious to the dream, returns to being merely her social worker, which in another dimension was all that he ever was, just as in another dimension, nothing can end for them because nothing ever began.

That's life. There on the page, where it is the function of the writer to put it, whether that writer lives in Liverpool, N.S., or in the suburbs of Toronto (which include Ottawa).

— Alden Nowlan

Feedback

Your award-winning magazine gave me great pleasure by featuring a cover story on the award-winning Antonine Maillet, novelist (July). That vivacious lady is in the forefront of an Acadian cultural renaissance—fiction, poetry, theatre, plastic arts and especially song—of astounding range and quality. Taken as a whole, which would likely horrify its respective creators, this expression of the Acadian experience might well, as Maillet suggests, vindicate the Acadians not only to outsiders but to themselves. In the very dialect spoken by Maillet's Sagouine and Pélagie, an Acadian farmwife remarked to me, "I used to be ashamed of the way I spoke. Now I see it's a language like any other. Well my goodness, it even won the prize!" For a minute I imagined I could hear applause from Chaucer, Villon, Burns, Twain. Bravo, Maillet!

Joseph Casey
Moncton, N.B.



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Perhaps I'm being unfair to Oberon Press, which besides being the only Ontario-based publishing house that officially launches some of its books in Fredericton, N.B., has more writers from Atlantic Canada in its catalogue than any other house. I raise the point

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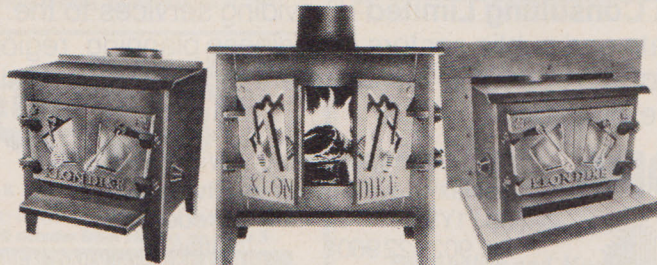
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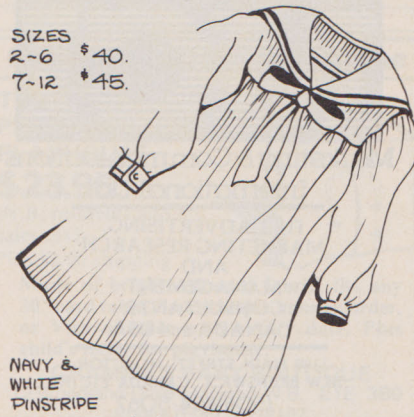
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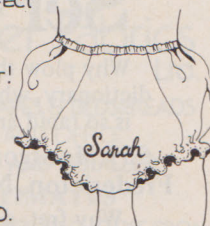
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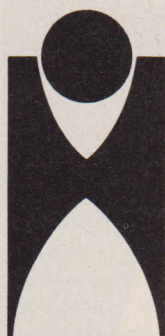
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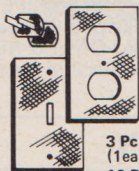
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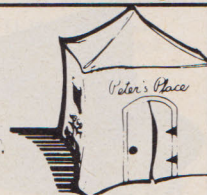
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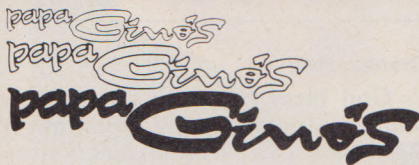
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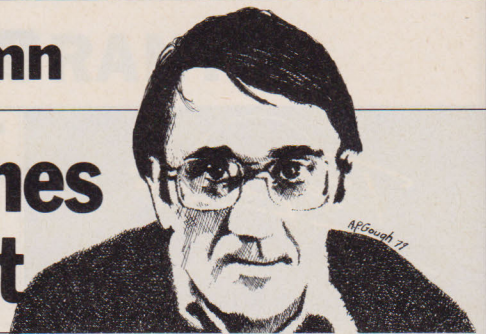
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Ray Guy's column

Confessions of a sometimes passé magazine columnist



*You think it's easy, meeting editorial deadlines?
You know nothing about pain*

Even writers who, unlike myself, do not have the death of Lloyd Percival on their consciences will tell you that writing for magazines is hardest of all. It's because of the deadlines. You must sometimes do your piece a month or two in advance of publication. This causes difficulties. A daily newspaper column is mercifully over and done with before the sun goes down. You can go to bed resting assured that your mug at the top of the column is either face up or face down, depending on reader reaction, at the bottoms of ever so many budgie cages. Tomorrow is another day.

Books are the other extreme. They have roughly the same gestation period as an elephant. By the time they hit the racks you can defend yourself by saying you were much younger then and that mother desperately needed that operation. Six weeks give you no such leeway in either direction. A former premier might have kicked the bucket by then. A current mayor may have been lobotomized. The mere choice of subject has you treading on eggs.

I've still got double-yolker on my face from the very first magazine piece I did. Canadians had just discovered they were unfit. So when the old *Weekend* magazine asked me for an item I chose to make mock of the Canadian scramble to shape up. My personal fitness plan, I wrote, was to lie abed for an extra hour on Saturdays and flex each of my fingers 10 times in turn. By this regimen I fully expected to be able before the year was out to pick up Lloyd Percival by the ankles and beat a 64-year-old Swede to death with him. A month and a half later this piece of nonsense appeared in *Weekend* but the very newspapers into which the magazine was inserted carried headlines that Mr. Percival, uncrowned king of Canadian fitness, had suddenly died.

I took a vow on the spot to leave magazine writing well enough alone and was true to my pledge for several years until, one day, Silver Donald Cameron caught me unbeknownst.

This time it was Mr. Cameron who was doing a piece for *Weekend* and the subject of it was little Monsieur Moi. I spilled my stuffing into his insidious cassettes. I spoke at length about my former employer, the St. John's *Evening Telegram*. When the paper was still a typical family-owned Water Street business (I told Silver Don) it was run along paternalistic lines much like a plantation in the early days of the American South. But when the Thomson chain bought it, quoth I, it felt like being plugged into a computer somewhere in the bowels of Toronto. Faced with that choice, I'd take the old plantation any day.

Much time passed. I assumed that either Mr. Cameron's livestock had nested in the Guy tapes or else *Weekend's* editor had decided to go with a piece on Canadian fitness instead. Meanwhile, I succumbed to a fatal wave of nostalgia for the *Telegram* cotton fields. So I popped into the office of one of the Messrs. Herder, the former owners who were kept on after the Thomson takeover, to see if I could get my old job back.

He had the latest issue of *Weekend* on his desk. I hadn't seen it. It took me broadside when Mr. Herder described the terrific urge he had to pitch me through his office window, four storeys up. The fellow didn't appreciate being likened to a plantation owner. Especially not in a magazine insert in the dear old former family sheet. Then to glance up to hear the selfsame whoreson escutcheon-besmircher asking for a job...

Or so he saw it. No good to explain. Most of those Water Street merchants are so heavily timbered in the attics that they just don't recognize the gentle patter of gracious compliments. For my sins, Mr. Herder rehired me instead of pitching me. I needed the money just then to pay for a honeymoon. Mr. Cameron's article, peppered as it was with such phrases as "confirmed bachelor," "reclusive celibate" and "wistful loner" added something extra to that joyous jaunt, too, and got us looked at askance in the better-quality motels.

What got me married was radio writing. I was doing a regular script, you see, and she was the new producer.

Another story. But while writing for radio can lead to shortness of breath, gingivitis, biliousness and matrimony it is still magazine writing that causes me the most apprehension.

I write this in the middle of July for September. An obvious topic, you might think, would have been the weather. Some account of how Newfoundlanders, while sitting around waiting to be stinking rich, survived the filthiest summer since the Flood. Too chancy. By September, a freak heatwave may be upon us and then I'd be passé. Another thing about magazine writing is that if you're passé once too often you find yourself back looking for a job as a local newspaper writer. In that case, the least I'd expect this time would be branding on both cheeks and a dashed good flogging. ☒

Feedback

Thanks, Ray

God bless Ray Guy for his July column *Muddy, Soapy Toronto: It Wasn't All Bad*. As a former Torontonians living in the Maritimes I've learned a lot about the plight of persecuted minorities. "Where are you from originally?" people inevitably ask when, after a few sentences, it's clear that I don't talk like a Cape Bretoner. "Look, I know you won't believe this," I explain pathetically, "but my Mom used to put up applesauce from the tree in the back yard. My granny lived with us and spent her time making patchwork quilts. We all went to church on Sunday. We knew our neighbors. Growing up there was a lot like...well, like it is around here." But they don't believe me, not even when I show them one of granny's quilts. Torontonians, everyone knows, are extraordinarily wealthy, fond of strip joints and other sinful pastimes and are invariably condescending to Maritimers and Newfoundlanders. Thanks, Ray, for admitting that it wasn't all bad. And you're right about the smell. It is muddy and soapy.

Claire Mowat
River Bourgeois, N.S.



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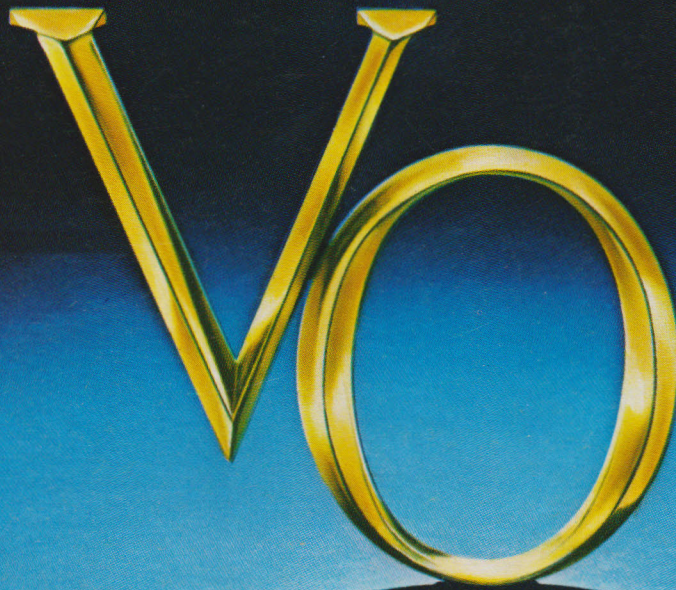


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